OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 30.

TROUTING EXCURSION TO THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

NOT BY CORINTHIAN TOM

Should any of our readers wish to indulge in the glorious sport of TROUT FISHING, at the North, we are enabled to give them a few hints for the next season, which they can render most usefully available—especially if they are so addicted to the gentle sport as to think little of an enterprise to the summit of the Green Mountains for its indulgence.

The region between Bennington and Brattleboro' is threaded by streams of the precise character most beloved by the real brook Trout, and in which they most abound. They are indeed mountain torrents, but every now and then spreading themselves into slender lakes or ponds, then dashing away down precipices and long reaching declivities, to be again soothed into a placid quietness by a repose in the bosom of the hills.

These pools afford ample and secure hiding places for the trout during the furious freshets of the spring, and are excellent nursing waters for their spawn. There are many of such streams within the range of a few miles, and all of them have been found to abound at the witching season of June and July, with infinite myriads of that most beautiful and most esteemed fish that swims—the Spotted Salmon mountain trout. Be it known that this is a very different fish from that heavy, thick, dark trout, that spends his sluggish life in the ponds and rivers of the level parts of the country. In point of beauty of shape and brilliancy of colors, the mountain trout is altogether the superior, and in flavor and delicacy of meat he is incomparably so.

During an afternoon of one of the last days of August, a party of four gentlemen might have been seen leaving the borders of the Hudson through the enterprising and stirring city of Troy, in a snug "Extra," with abundance of cunningly contrived fishing implements peeping out from the four corners of the carriage. A fisherman's heart is always in his throat from the moment he has resolved on an excursion, and he must be a dull laggard whose spirits do not mount to no inconsiderable heighth when in company of those he loves, setting off for a three days' jaunt into the very solitudes of the Green Mountains. The party were gay and joyous for at such times hope stands on tip toe, and a good natured impatience gives life and zest to even a lengthened ride of some fifty miles over hills, which to walk up once will take the sweat, as well as the curiosity to see higher, out of any reasonable man in existence.

It was midnight when the party arrived at the excellent Stage House of Messrs. Presson and Rich, situated east of the summit, on the head waters of the Greenfield River, which flows easterly into the Connecticut. The kind landlord frankly intimated his fears that the party had delayed their excursion a month too late, but again revived their hopes by observing, that on Tuesday last he took eleven pounds from a single "good hole," and that a fortnight since he had caught all that a sturdy son of Erin, then snoring in the corner, could bring home in slung hampers. These stories made the nerves tingle to the very finger ends, and were it possible, the party would have set out on the instant for a trial of their skill. But a prudent fisherman husbands his resources, and so a "night cap," (not a cotton one) and a bed was thought best, with injunctions for an early call and breakfast. The sun and the party rose together, and commenced a note of dreadful preparation for "the beautiful sparkler of the brooks."—Now one word of advice. Let no young fisherman attempt to follow a mountain stream with a nice, tapering, patent fishing rod in his hand. Let him rather select a smart birch or hemlock sapling which any boy in those regions will get him for a shilling. The patent is worse than useless, and will be shivered to atoms in half an hour—the *native* is the better pole in the first place, and what is of vast importance, answers the double purpose of rod and walking staff—a most necessary appendage in climbing crags and wading rapid streams with a rocky and slippery bottom. Let no cockney taste persuade him to attempt fishing with a long line—discard reels as flummery—the one cannot be thrown for the bushes, and the other the size of mountain trout does not require.

With a smart pole fifteen feet long—line about ten—light leads, astrong wired, open hook, delicately ganged, together with a good stock of resolution and untiring industry, even a novice in the art will return from his day's hard toil with a fisherman's reward—a full basket of trout and a prodigious appetite.

Two of the party were from the "Sweet South," buoyant in spirits and eager to meet the hazards and win the prize. Two were "to the manner born," and experienced in all the "grateful labor" of climbing a mountain stream. The "Southerns" would not be persuaded to lay aside their expensive and nicely fitted rods for a rudely shaped pole from the forests, and hardly suppressed a smile at the staff-like representatives of rods in the hands of their two seemingly ill-provided companions. Five minutes walk brought them to the main stream, up whose rocky channel they were told to wade and climb two miles before they should hope to find a nibble. At the first cast, however, a beautiful fish was taken, and a shout went up that made the eternal forests ring. Eagerly dashed along the "Southerns," for "the game" seemed "up," a trout had been bagged and another pricked—boldly they took the water and slipped, and plunged and blowed. Quietly, but with all imaginable industry, shot along their companions. Half an hour put a mile between them,—for no persuasions could induce the "Southerners" to pass a single pool in the stream without tempting its suspected inhabitants with their well-baited hooks. The two leading at length reached what the servant in attendance called the "great salmon hole," and well did it deserve its name. About twenty trout had already been taken, but not one that exceeded eight ounces. Cautiously, and in a spirit of courtesy not always practised by those passionately devoted to the "gentle art," they waited for each other, and approached together a deep and darkly shaded pool coming from between two rocks, over which, a little higher up the water fell. Trout after trout was rapidly taken of the ten and twelve ounce size, when the expertest fisherman of the party exclaimed, "I have him!" and drew from the water the real "king trout" of the place, one of the largest, and certainly the most beautiful trout ever seen by any of the party. In twenty minutes more the spot seemed exhausted, and fishing was suspended for a cigar and a drop of brandy and water. More by accident than design, a single rod was left partly suspended and partly laying on the surface. On being resumed by its owner, his surprise and joy cannot be adequately expressed, when he drew out the "queen trout" of the same fairy place, who had shown her willingness to partake of the fate of her lord, by entirely swallowing the self same bait and hook that had beguiled him to his luckless fate.

With renewed courage the party pursued their sport some miles to the "great fork," and there depositing safely beneath some rocks their fish and "grub," they separated to try their luck in each stream. The fates were propitious. In three hours' time they again met, displaying with no measured pride the trophies of the day. Six large strings of the real *spotted salmon mountain trout* was glory enough for one day. Now commenced the heaviest duty of the angler—the return home. The reader must know that at the point where the party stopped fishing, they were four miles from any road or cultivated acre of land—far, far up in the very gorge of the mountains. There was no alternative, night was coming on, and down the same stream they were forced to find their way. At length the inn was reached, and such a supper of trout as that gay party set down to, well deserved the graphic pen of blessed old Sir Walter, and even he, peradventure, might have failed to give any realizing conceptions of the appetites of those who that night drew their knees together beneath a table so bountifully loaded with the fruits of their labors.

What sleep followed, and what a trout breakfast next morning, and how carefully was put up in new grass the remaining fish, and how cheerily they set off for home, we have not here time to tell; but we may, perhaps, seize another opportunity to relate how *the* party were met by another party going on the same errand—how the first party consented to turn back—how the second produced their well-stocked baskets—how the first party gulped the wine, and threw off the Monongahela—how soon the port was gone, and the whiskey missing—how the jokes flew about—how some roared—how some swore that never swore before—how many fish were caught—how to treat a surly landlord—how travellers sleep in the mountains—how to draw off ponds—how important to go earlier in the season—how surely fifty pounds per day may be taken in June and July—how to live six days on trout alone—how to get home again, and how to tell your story when you get there. Each and all of these capital subjects must be reserved till the mood be again upon us, when we will give way to the promptings of our inclination, and sing in humble prose the glories of the "GENTLE ART."

GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

Our five city theatres are each doing a good business, while at the Park and National the managers are coining money, notwithstanding Mr. FORREST receives $500 per night at the former, and CELESTE $1000 for three nights at the latter, and Miss CLIFTON about the same average amount.

Mr. Forrest has returned from Philadelphia, where he was nightly greeted by immense crowds, and appears at the Park to-night. He plays but four nights more, and then sails for Havre, to revive among the Parisians their hallowed associations of TALMA. Ere his return the boards of the London Drury will be the scene of his impassioned energies, where we doubt not new triumphs await him as *the* "National Tragedian of America."

Mr. and Mrs. KEELEY, have arrived and will appear at the close of Mr. Forrest's engagement. A great treat is anticipated.

Mr. POWER's star has been in the ascendant this week at the Park, where he is as attractive as ever. Night after night the house is crowded, the receipts averaging about $1500.

The *National* is still the nine days wonder of the town, and gets on swimmingly. Last Friday week Miss CLIFTON appeared as Marianna, in the Wife, and imparted a novelty and interest to "that thrice told tale" as unexpected as it was refreshing. Our play-goers have seen in the character Miss Fanny Kemble, Phillips, Wheatley, Vos, and half a dozen other Misses, besides Mesdames Chapman, Sharpe, Drake, and ever so many other wild and wicked young widows. As a whole, Miss Clifton's Marianna is superior to either. Mr. LOCKE, the author of the celebrated Moon Hoax, and a gentleman of acknowledged taste and judgment, speaks of this performance to the following effect; but let us premise here that he is "known as Benedick the married man," and one, by the way, "all unused to the melting mood":—

"At the opening of the theatre, the writer of this article was not present; nor had we an opportunity of attending until Friday last, when we saw Miss CLIFTON as *Marianna*, in Knowles' "The Wife, a Tale of Mantua." Her style is very peculiar, and highly original, if we forget the old French school of acting and its remarkable perpetuation in the style of the idolized mam'selle Mars, which, we hesitate not to say, is the very highest to which an actress of genius can aspire. To the tall majestic figure of Miss CLIFTON it is peculiarly well adapted, and in selecting it she has either exercised great personal judgment or yielded to excellent advice. It requires, however, an extraordinarily refined conception of the graceful, in those bold and flowing attitudes in which its overpowering charm so greatly consists, and a constant care to preserve it which can only be commanded by experience. We cannot say that Miss CLIFTON's attitudes, though often rapturously graceful and thrillingly impressive, are not sometimes so violent as to border upon contortion. We are sure she will improve in this respect, and then she will be great indeed. She already reminds us of those eloquently graceful females which we meet with in prints and paintings by the old French masters. Her voice is rich and clear, though sometimes dropping too suddenly after a strong expression of emotion; but then her emotions, how warmly they seem to come from the bursting fountain of her heart, and how searchingly to the hearts of her hearers are they expressed! Of her personal beauty we need not speak, and as an actress she must ultimately stand in the highest station."

Another contemporary, "of imagination all compact,"—a ripe scholar and a good one,—speaks in such terms of Miss Clifton's Belvidera, that if his "better half" happens to read the paragraph, we can anticipate certain "curtain lectures" in store for him, as "one who loved not wisely but too well." Belvidera seems to him what that "unseen seraph" was to Byron, of whom he says,

"Thy form is as it should be;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled Heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy;
And to a thought such shape and image given
As haunts the unquenched soul."

But to the critique in question—here it is:

"We were prepared to find her much improved by her European tour, but had no conception of the professional eminence, to which natural genius and the severest study, have united to raise her, in so short a period. To the youthful part of the audience she appeared the breathing impersonation of the Tragic Muse—more beauteous, graceful and majestic, that even their fancy could have drawn her; while the elder almost persuaded themselves they were viewing, as in the glass of Agrippa, the renovated glories of a Siddons, or O'Neil. Miss Clifton's face, voice and figure, as adapted for stage effect, are absolutely faultless, and the impression produced by their united force on Wednesday night, was proportionably striking. As the piece proceeded, the irrepressible murmurs of applause, not loud indeed, but most expressive, which arose from every corner of the edifice, must have told her, even in the earlier scenes, that her triumph was complete. Her personal attractions, have we fear, made sad havoc with our gallants, for it was easy to perceive, that in those scenes best calculated for their display, a thousand hearts did homage to her charms "dazzled and drunk with beauty." The announcement, that she would repeat the character on the following evening was given out amidst the most deafening applause."

On Monday, the play of Pizarro was produced at this house, with SCOTT as Rolla, Miss Clifton as Elvira, and Cora, Mrs. Flynn. The principal characters were admirably sustained. We never saw the Elvira of Kotzebue before; it has usually fallen into the hands of the lady who "leads the business" at our theatres, and Rolla has taken the lion's share of the applause. In the present instance, well as Scott rendered "Peruvian Rolla," the brilliant points of Elvira repeatedly brought down the house. As the play is to be repeated next Monday, with WALLACK as Rolla, we shall take occasion hereafter to analyze its performance.

CELESTE is attracting full houses: she leaves town to-day for Philadelphia, to fulfil an engagement, but immediately returns to bring out several new pieces which are in preparation. She completed her hundredth night at Boston last week, having realised, during that period, it is said, the enormous sum of $25,000.

On Wednesday next, Miss CLIFTON, for the first time in America, appears in Comedy, on the occasion of her benefit. She plays *Beatrice* in Much Ado about Nothing, to Wallack's *Benedick*, and also in *Amina* in Moncrieff's operatic melodrama of The Somnambulist. As most of the seats are already secured, we advise those who have not been so fortunate, to go early.

The *Bowery* audiences have enjoyed four especial treats during the week. The two first consisted in the *non*-performance of Rienzi, Norman Leslie, and other gags, a treat only to be appreciated by sensible people who have seen those fanfaronades of dramatic flummery. The two, however, which are equally entitled to notice are HAMBLIN's appearance in Othello and Hamlet. Both characters are favourites of his, and to do him justice they are seldom seen to greater advantage than in his hand. As an *actor*, merely, we are his special admirers. His Hamlet loses nothing in comparison with the best on the stage, and his Brutus is superior, to our mind; indeed, all his Roman characters are "excellent well." He has been afflicted with the asthma for the last year or two, but we are glad to hear he is recovering from its effects. He is perfectly aware of our appreciation of him as an actor, a manager and a gentleman, and knows too, that we are as ready and willing to accord to him all the credit he deserves in either capacity as any public journalist in town. We always praised his acting, but —— his management. So long as he "does the fair thing" by the public, we say, "Go ahead Hamblin," but when humbug is the order of the day, "that cock wont fight!"—he "wakes up the wrong passenger!"

The *Franklin* is not making so much noise in the world as it does money, which is equally acceptable to the manager. Little JOHN SEFTON, the great man in low comedy, would fill the house, were it situated at Harlem or Communipaw—much less in Chatham Square.

Mrs. *Hamblin's* theatre is so far up town, that people from the lower wards seldom make a pilgrimage to it. However, we hear it has a very clever company, with no allusions to "a beggarly account of empty boxes."

Mrs. Drake, Field, and Miss Meadows have played successful engagements at St. Louis. The theatre had closed for a short summer vacation, (nine days,) and was to re-open on the 25th of Aug., with Mrs. Pritchard. Ludlow had arrived, and Smith was off for Cincinnati, to visit his numerous friends in that place, where he first commenced his theatrical career.

Both houses at Louisville, at the last accounts, were doing a tolerable business, and *only* tolerable. The Italian Petit Opera at Caldwell's was a dead failure as to profit. Keppell, the "washed out man," has had a row with De Camp, acting manager, and appealed to the public in the newspapers! He speaks of his "domestic afflictions." Poor fellow, he had better seek out his fat *friend* REYNOLDSON, (of whose whereabouts nobody knows,) and with that interesting youth go into a state of retiracy. Russell's "Jewess" drew well for ten nights. Miss Riddle is to appear at the "American" (Caldwell's) on her way to St. Louis.

Fred. S. Hill, a great favorite, and deservedly so, carries on the business with spirit at Cincinnati, having produced the Jewess, and revived Cinderella, with great splendor. A traveller from the West complains that the Cinderella chorusses were horridly mangled, but says that Thorne, Hodges, Mrs. Knight, Williamson, and Hill (Pedro) carried the opera triumphantly through notwithstanding. We understand Doctor (?) Carr is in the Cincinnati corps dramatique, and swears *h*everlasting *w*engeance against the Transcript for publishing *the* story about himself and *W*allack, and the *h*anchovies.

A friend writes that that eccentric genius, "*Old Sol*," has paid a flying visit to Lexington, where his *Mawworm* had caused quite a *revival*. He played three nights, the house being "*chock* full," and the Kentuckians were highly edified with his "astonishing" sermon. A subscription was on foot to erect a new and commodious theatre for Mr. Potter, a very worthy young man, who has lately commenced management in Lexington and the contiguous towns. Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Duff, Mr. and Miss Mason, and several other stars have appeared there during the season, which is now about closing.

THE ESCAPE; A TALE OF THE SEA

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK MARLINSPIKE'S YARN."

The morning broke hazily upon the Atlantic, with a fresh breeze from the eastward, attended by frequent squalls of light rain. The sea had assumed that dead lead-color which always attests the absence of the sun; and a dark curtain of clouds, that were slowly heaving up to windward, threatened an interval of heavier weather before the close of the day. About an hundred miles from that part of the coast of South America situated between the Brazil shoals and Cape Frio, a large and beautiful ship was dashing along under a press of canvass. She had the wind abeam, and every thing that the weather would allow was packed on aloft and alow. On her quarter deck a group, consisting of the passengers and officers of the ship, had collected to observe a strange sail, which, since daylight, had been discovered two or three points forward of the beam.

"Give me the glass," said a stout, good-looking, middle-aged man, whose countenance betrayed, or more properly indicated, a fondness for glasses, and whose authoritative tone at once christened him skipper. Taking the proffered instrument, he adjusted it at the proper focus, and commenced studying the stranger, whose hull, by the aid of the telescope, was but just visible, as she rose upon the crests of the waves.

"He's edging away for us," muttered Captain Bangem; "just got a pull of his weather braces; devilish suspicious-looking craft, too."

"A guineaman, from the coast, perhaps," said Skysail.

"The fellow thinks it's getting too black to windward for all his duck," resumed the captain; "he's reefing his fore-topsail, and we must follow suit."

Passing the glass to a sailor at his elbow, he took up the trumpet, and looking at the mouth-piece for a moment, applied it to his lips, and gave the order to take in the studding-sails, royals, and flying-jib. When this movement had been executed, Bangem again thundered forth:

"Man the top-gallant clew-lines—clear away the sheets—clew up—man the topsail reef-tackles and buntlines—clear away the bowlines; round in the braces—settle away the halliards—clew down, haul out the reef-tackles, and up the buntlines—tree up the booms—lay out, and take in the second reef!"

The ever-ready seamen sprang upon the yards, and extending themselves along either extremity, caught up and secured to the spar the canvass contained between the first and second reef-bands. When all three of the topsails had been reefed, the yards were again mast-headed and trimmed, the top-gallant sails sheeted home, and the Niagara once more freshened her speed through the water.

In the meantime the stranger was fast coming down, and so rapidly had he overhauled the Niagara, that those on board of the latter were able to distinguish her build and rig with the naked eye. She was a long, low, clipper-schooner, with spars that seemed much too taut and square for the little hull out of which they rose. Captain Bangem had been watching her for some moments with the utmost interest, when, turning to Skysail, he ordered him to hoist the ensign. "Now," said he, "we'll see what bunting the fellow wears. Ah, there it goes!—the stars and stripes." A rolling billow of smoke rose from the bows of the schooner, and the report of a gun thundered along the breeze.

"Man the weather main-braces—clear away the bowlines—put the helm down—ease off the pin-sheet!" shouted Bangem; and in another moment the Niagara was lying to, with the main-topsail to the mast. The skipper again resumed the spy-glass; but scarcely had he raised it to his eye, when, relinquishing it to another, he seized the trumpet, and in a voice that betrayed unusual excitement, he sang out, "Haul aft the jib-sheet!—hard up, hard up!"

"Hard up!" answered the man at the wheel, and the obedient ship fell rapidly off before the wind.

"Lay aft to the braces!" said Bangem. "meet her now, boy."

"She's got the helm," was the immediate reply. "Steady as you go—steady so."

"Steady so, Sir," responded the steersman.

The sullen report of a gun told how the stranger had received this manœuvre; and when the smoke rolled off to leeward the American ensign was no longer at his peak. Before the Niagara had been kept away, she was running along with the wind abeam; the stranger was on her weather-bow, and heading so as to near her at each moment, and eventually cut her off; but now the former had assumed the same position with regard to the wind as the latter, and both vessels were running with the breeze sharp on the quarter. There were but few questions asked on board of the Niagara: the unlooked-for deviation from her proper course, and the subsequent manœuvres of the schooner, at once told the real or suspected character of the vessel in chase; and the passengers gathered about the taffrail, regarding with a fearful silence the little object of their fears, that came down clambering and cutting the waves, like some hungry monster of the deep after its retreating prey.

"Gentlemen," said Bangem, "it would be superfluous for me to tell you the character of that vessel; you all know it, and you also know what mercy to expect if we fall into their hands. A stern chase is a long chase, and as the Niagara sails better with the wind well aft, I have given her her fastest point; we are now heading for the coast of South America, and must keep out of his clutches as long as we can. If Providence does not send us deliverance in the mean time, why, it is even better to perish on the reefs than die by the knives of yon butchers."

Another gun from the pirate boomed over the water, but the shot fell harmless astern of the Niagara. "Ay, blaze away, you vagabond!" muttered an old veteran, who was assisting in running out of a stern-port the only gun on board; "every shot you heave, is four fathoms off your log."

"If it were eight hours later, we might be able to give her the slip during the night," said Bangem; "but if we continue to move along at this rate, we shall be high and dry on the coast of Brazil before the sun goes down."

Still the schooner kept overhauling the ship, but his advantage was not now as perceptible as before: every thing held out the prospect of a long chase; but so intently was the stranger bent on gaining her, that he sent aloft and set his high light top-gallant-sail, although the wind was blowing a perfect gale, and shortly afterward men were seen on his topsail-yard, turning out the reefs. As soon as Bangem perceived this, he gave the order to turn both reefs out of the topsails, and get the starboard fore-topmast-studding-sail ready for setting. In a few moments, an additional quantity of canvass was spread along the booms of the Niagara, and the gallant vessel rushed like some wild leviathan through the rolling sea, dashing aside its angry waters, and leaving broad streaks of boiling foam behind.

"Give him a round shot, Skysail," said Bangem; "we must try and cripple him, or it's all day with us."

"Ay, ay, Sir," muttered the tar, as he squinted along the sight, and elevated the gun for a long shot: the match was applied, and away sped the iron."

"Well done, old 'un!" shouted Skysail, as the splinters flew from the bulwarks of the pirate.

"Try it again, my hearty!" continued Bangem: "give him a stand of grape along with it this time."

The schooner yawed and fired, but again its shot fell harmless alongside of the chase.

"There go his stu'n'sail booms," said the mate, as two delicate spars glided out, as if by magic, from either extremity of his topsail-yard, while in another moment a sheet of light canvass arose and was extended on either side of his bellying topsail. The pursuer had gained considerably on the pursued during the last half hour; and Bangem, who stood watching her progress with the eye of an eagle, now got down from the horse-block, and gave the order to set the starboard lower and all the top-gallant-stu'n'sails. The seamen exchanged glances in amazement, but it was only for a moment; and the next beheld them spread in different parts of the rigging, making preparation to heap an additional pile of canvass upon the spars of the trembling ship. "Haul taut, rig out, and hoist away!"—but scarcely had the halliards been belayed, when snap! went the boom of the top-gallant and yard of the lower studding-sail. "Lower away—haul down!" shouted Bangem; "make those sails up afresh, point the spare booms, and get them ready for setting again."

The two vessels continued to fly rapidly toward the coast of Brazil, and the pirate still continued to gain on the chase, although he yawed and fired at an interval of every half hour. Had the Niagara hauled her wind on either tack, she would have soon become the prey of the schooner, as she sailed faster with the wind abeam. Bangem accordingly thought it much better to keep nearly before the breeze, as the pursuer would then have to deviate from his course to bring his guns to bear, and consequently deaden at intervals his advance, as an escape was now almost hopeless. The cutlasses and fire-arms were got up on the quarter-deck, and every preparation made by the passengers and crew of the vessel for a desperate defence. There were in all about twenty fighting men on board of the ship, and judging by the masses that blackened the schooner's deck, she must have had five times that number.

For two hours longer the chase was kept up, and at the expiration of that time, the pirate was within about three quarters of a mile. Bangem had drawn his men up, and exhorted them to stand by him like Americans in the approaching conflict, when he was interrupted by a heavy crash, and the mizzen-topmast, top-gallant-mast, and all, went by the board.

"Axes and knives here!" shouted he, at the top of his voice: "cut, men, cut!—stir yourselves, my livelies!—the villain is coming down like a race-horse."

Instantly the lanyards and stays were severed, or carried away, the braces and bow-lines unrove, and the wreck floating far astern; but the speed of the Niagara was by this accident considerably lessened, and the schooner, perceiving her advantage, put down her helm, and threw a raking broadside among the rigging and spars of the unfortunate vessel. At this moment the cry of "Breakers!" was heard from the forecastle, and an exclamation of horror burst from every lip—but one. There was death on every hand, and the forms that peopled the decks of the Niagara stood as mute as statues, enveloped in the silent stupor of despair.

"Where away?" asked Bangem; and the cool self-possession of that voice seemed to mock the dangers by which they were surrounded.

"Right ahead!" replied the look-out, "and on both bows."

"True," mused the commander, bending his eye in the given direction; "you may hear them roar above the howling of the wind and waves, even at this distance."

"Shall I bring her by the wind, Sir?" asked the steersman.

"No!" was the stern and determined reply, and another volley of iron crashed among the spars of the Niagara. So eagerly had the pirate pursued the chase, that the danger ahead remained to him undiscovered. The day was unusually dark and cloudy, and the smoke, rolling to leeward, perhaps screened the reef from his view. However, he saw it not, and now came rushing down upon the crippled ship, confident in his superiority.

"Ease the helm down!" said Bangem, keeping his eye steadily upon the pursuer; "and now, men, do your duty!" The Niagara yawed, and the flying-jib-boom of the schooner burst through her bulwarks about the mizzen-chains.

"Lash him there, my lads!" shouted Bangem, in a voice that was heard above every thing beside; "lash him there!—and if we perish, the blood-hounds shall keep us company. Hard up again!"

The obedient craft once more fell off before the wind, and rushed onward toward the breakers, that roared and foamed not more than half a mile in advance, dragging in her wake the light-built schooner, like some giant spirit of death, urging an ignobler being to the shades of darkness. A howl of frenzy, that broke from the deck of the corsair, told that they had for the first time become acquainted with the peril that awaited them; and twenty dark forms sprang out upon her bowsprit, armed with axes and knives, to free themselves from the hold of the ship.

"Now, my lads, give it to the blood-hounds!" shouted Bangem.

A volley was the reply, and every soul without the schooner's cutwater perished: as many more sprang to take their places, but again the fire from the Niagara's quarter-deck swept them away, like chaff before the wind of Heaven. In the meantime, both vessels were rushing rudly toward the reef; they were not a hundred yards from the breakers, and both parties ceased hostilities, to gaze upon the foaming waters and iron rocks that in another moment threatened to dash them into eternity. Hope had left every bosom; the pirates no longer endeavored to separate themselves from the Niagara, but stood pale and trembling, waiting with horror to pay the last dark forfeit of their lives. Both vessels were now within the influence of the reef; the long, heavy rollers, in conjunction with the wind, were driving them rapidly upon the rocks, when the schooner's bowsprit, shrouds, bob-stays, and all gave way; the liberated vessel swung round and struck, while the Niagara forged by the ledge, unscathed! The next billow dashed the pirate higher upon the reef, where she was hid from view by the roaring and foaming seas that broke over her devoted hull. The crash of her failing spars was then heard, and the shrieks and wails of the drowning wretches rose, for one moment, above the thunder of the surf: but it was only for a moment, and they were lost for ever. When the Niagara passed the cluster of rocks upon which the schooner went to pieces, she was hurled along in the very centre of the principal reef, where the eddies and currents rendered her totally unmanageable. She no longer obeyed her helm, but drifted along a disabled thing, at the sport of the wind and waves, the sea roaring the while like thunder around her, and the spray breaking in dense masses over her.

There were ten minutes of appalling anxiety, during which every one expected to feel her strike against the rocks; yet for ten minutes more she continued to drift through them in safety. The centre and principal ledge was passed, and she began to fall off before the wind. A beam of hope lighted up the countenance of Bangem. He sprang upon the bulwarks, and cast one quick, searching glance at the sea around him.

"Starboard a little!" cried he.

"Starboard a little," answered the man at the wheel.

"Steady so, meet her."

"Meet her it is, Sir," was the reply.

For five minutes more she flew through the intricacies of the reef, without deviation.

"Port! port!—give her the port helm, quick!" shouted Bangem.

"She's got it all, Sir!" was the response; and the gallant ship glided by the last rock that threatened her destruction, and passed safely into the still water between the reef and the main. R. B.

Knickerbocker Mag. for Sept.

BOAT SONG--THE INVITATION.

ORIGINAL

Twilight shades are falling fast,
O'er the earth and sea,
Twilight hues are stealing on
With silent witchery;
Then come with me, we'll guide our bark
Where the last warm kiss of day,
Upon the billow's heaving breast,
Lingers in fond delay.

O we'll rove while the dewy breath of eve
Around us is gently borne,
And list to the waves' wild melody
As they bear us lightly on.
And while the deepening shadows fall
In fancy we may roam,
To fairy grot, or elfin bower,
Or mermaids' coral home.

Then, when the moon and stars are up,
High in their azure hall,
And we've gazed until our spirits yield
Resistless to their thrall;
Then will I bid thee sing to me,
Some sweet and tender strain,
And, scudding o'er the moonlit waves,
We'll seek the shore again. E. R.

OLLAPODIANA.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Oh thou who lookest over this page of mine—who participatest in the 'portance of the travels' history of OLLAPOD—listen to me. Wouldst thou journey with comfort through the west of New-York, *avoid the canal-boats*. At first, when you embark, all seems fair; the eleemosynary negro, who vexes his clarionet, and governs its tuneful ventiges, to pay for his passage, seems a very Apollo to your ear; the appointments of the boat appear ample; a populous town slowly glides from your view, and you feel quite comfortable and contented. As yet, you have not gone below. "Things above" attract your attention—some pretty point of landscape, or distant steeple, shining among the summer trees. Anon, the scenery becomes tame, and you descend. A feeling comes over you, as you draw your first breath in the cabin, which impels to the holding of your nose. The cabin is full; you have hit your head twice against the ceiling thereof, and tumbled sundry times against the seats at the side. Babies—vociferous babies—are playing with their mothers' noses, or squalling appalling concert. If you stir, your foot treads heavily upon the bulbous toes of some recumbent passenger; if you essay to sleep, the gabble of those around you, or the noisy gurgle of a lock, arouses you to consciousness—and then, if you are of that large class of persons in whom the old Adam is not entirely crucified—then you *swear*. Have you any desire for literary entertainment? Approach the table. There shall you find sundry tracts—a copy of the Temperance Recorder—Goldsmith's Animated Nature, and Plutarch's Lives. By and by dinner approaches: and oh! how *awful* the suspense between the hours of preparation and realization! Slowly, and one by one, the dishes appear. At long intervals, or spaces of separation from each other—say five for the whole length of the boat—you behold tumblers arranged, with two forlorn radishes in each. The butter lies like gravy in the plate—the malodorous passengers of the masculine gender draw nigh to the scanty board—the captain comes near, to act *his* oft-repeated part, as President of the Day. Oh, gracious!—'tis a scene of enormous cry and scanty wool. It mendicants description.

I was walking on the deck after dinner, ducking my head every moment at the cry of "*Bridge!*"—when the captain joined me, and began to relate the perils that he had encountered, during his experience on the "deep waters" over which we were gliding. "It is not for every one," said he, "to appreciate the perils of an official station like mine. That little lad who stands beside you, and who, though a stranger to you, seems to have a desire for your company—that urchin, could he stay with me ten years, would be a *sailor* like me, and could relate like me his hardships. Every year is fruitful of incident. Last year—it was in the fall—*this canawl* was visited with a gale—and *such* a gale! Do not discredit me, when I say, that, owing to the violence of it, nearly a dozen boats were compelled to hug the shore; and believe me, too, when I tell you, that for twenty-five minutes this boat rested upon a sand-bank, caused by the entrance of a creek. Judge of my feelings at that awful moment! I ordered on deck the cook, the steward, and the rest of the crew, together with such passengers as were not sound asleep, insensible of their danger, and with as much coolness as I could command, under the circumstances, I bade them prepare for the worst. Two venerable persons of the female sex—old women, as one wild young man, whom no danger could appal, denominated them—escaped safe to land. Dire terror ruled the hour. The winds blew; the awful ripples dashed against the prow, as if they were mad; and one distracted lady rushed about the deck, inquiring if I had seen her husband, Mr. Smilax Waterhouse. Answering her in the negative, I bent my way to what is vulgarly called the tail end of the boat. What a sight here met my eye! The two ladies, it is true, had escaped safe to land, but they were in a woful plight—one of them having lost her shoe in the water, and the other her night-cap. On horror's head horrors accumulated: and I was on the eve of sinking in despair, with no hopes of ever getting off the sand-bar, when deliverance came! A swell from the lock, a few rods above, lifted us from our fearful situation, and restored us to safety and comfort.

But the grand charm and scene of a canal-packet is in the evening. If on your way from Schenectady to Utica, the sun goes down into the rosy west, just after you leave that beautiful gorge in the Mohawk mountains, where you see the towering pines on one side, rising precipitously near three hundred feet above you, and on the other, the gentle river, calmly gliding through the vale below—forming the only tolerable scene on the route. Well, you go below, and there you behold a hot and motley assemblage. A kind of stillness begins to reign around. It seems as if a protracted meeting were about to commence. Clergymen, capitalists, long-sided merchants, who have come from far, green-horns, taking their first experience of the wonders of the deep on the *canawl*—all these are huddled together in wild and inexplicable confusion. By and by the captain takes his seat, and the roll of berths is called. Then, what confusion! Layer upon layer of humanity is suddenly shelved for the night; and in the preparation, what a world of bustle is required! Boots are released from a hundred feet, and their owners deposit them wherever they can. There was one man—Ollapod beheld him—who pulled off the boots of another person, thinking the while—mistaken individual!—that he was disrobing his own shrunken legs of their leather integuments, so thick were the limbs and feet that steamed and moved round about. Another tourist—fat, oily, and round—who had bribed the steward for two chairs placed by the side of his berth, whereon to rest his abdomen, amused the assembly by calling out, "Here, waiter! bring me another pillow! I have got the ear-ache, and have put the first one into my auricular organ!" Thus wore the hours away. Sleep, you cannot. Feeble musquitoes, residents in the boat, whose health suffers from the noisome airs they are nightly compelled to breathe, do their worst to annoy you; and then, Phoebus Apollo! how the sleepers snore! There is every variety of this music, from the low wheeze of the asthmatic, to the stentorian grunt of the corpulent and profound. Nose after nose lifts up its tuneful oratory, until the place is vocal. Some communicative free-thinkers talk in their sleep, and altogether, they make a concerto and a diapason equal to that which Milton speaks of, when through the sonorous organ "from many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes." At last, morning dawns; you ascend into pure air, with hair unkempt, body and spirit unrefreshed, and show yourself to the people of some populous town into which you are entering, as you wash your face in canal water on deck, from a hand basin! It is a scene, I say again, take it for all in all, that throws description upon the parish, and makes you a pauper in words. "*Ohe jam satis!*"

You may meet with much edification on board one of these craft, in observing the working of what is called *human* nature. At dinner, a sour old bachelor, who had been once a supercargo to Smyrna, and then a merchant in a small way—one who had all the stiff formality of a half-cut gentleman, without the education or tact necessary for the composition of even such a personage—procured from a basket, which he was taking with him on his journey, a bottle of warm champaigne. A country friend, with whom he was accidentally travelling, was solicited to imbibe the vinous beverage with him. This friend was one of those *malâpropos* characters, who, with the best intentions, are always saying something wrong. On renewing his glass, he said, "Well now, this 'ere tastes *like* something—this arn't like the sour cider we get in the country, is it, any how?"

"I hope you don't mean," said the fidgetty host, "that there is any thing wrong about it?"

"Oh, not by no means whatsomever. I reckon that it is good. Let me give you a toast. Success to *American manufactures!*"

"Sir," responded the ci-devant supercargo, "what do you mean? Why do you give *that* toast, of all others? I ask you candidly, *is* this wine like American manufacture?"

"God bless you, neighbor, I didn't mean nothing of that kind—and I say, let's drop the subject. Were you ever in *Newark?*"

The face of the old fellow assumed the hue of scarlet. Fire stood in his eye. He sat down his glass, and looking daggers at his friend, observed:

"I don't know what your object is—but you are evidently trying to insult me. What has *Newark* to do with this champaigne? Do you suppose it is *made* there? Sir, your conduct is outrageous."

The countryman sunk back against the boat-side, observing that he wouldn't never attempt to get up a variety in his conversation again."

This reminds me of a scene told of Lockport. A clown there walked up leisurely to the stall of one of those small traders who furnish canal tourists of limited means with "wittles and drink," and just as he was on the point of vending a large lot of sausages to a hungry-looking traveller, which were to last him until his arrival at Buffalo, the vagabond, looking suspiciously at the article, and addressing the seller, said,

"Is them good sassenges?"

"Yes, they *are* good sausages, you ignorant ramus. You would like to keep me from selling 'em, if you could fix it that way, I don't doubt."

"No I wouldn't," responded the loafer; I don't know nothing 'special about them sassenges; they *may* be good sassenges; I don't say they *an't* good sassenges; all I *do* say is, that wheresomever you see them kind o' sassenges, *you don's see no dogs!*"

"I guess, on reflection," said the traveller, "that I won't negotiate for them articles. That man's last remark has gi'n me a dislike to 'em."

No offence to the turnpike company whose duty it is to superintend the roads betwixt Geneva and Canandaigua; but candor compels me to say, they are a set of negligent varlets, deserving the anathemas of "all who travel by land or by water," especially those who abandon the cheating extras, and adopt the *Telegraph*. What right have these individuals to keep the holes in the turnpike so deep, and yet so treacherous? One looks out with anxious eye to see what is "going to come" in the way of thoroughfare—and lo! distance lends enchantment to the view. The gilded pool seems dry; the deceitful pudding of clay has a look of solidity—but anon!—*sqush!*—down drop the wheels in front—creack! rings the tried and doubtful axle—"*H'ep!*"—d—nation!" saith the driver; "Oh!" says the timid lady within; "Ha! ha! that was a screamer!" ejaculates the western speculator, filled to the brim with animal spirits!" "An oncommon deep 'ole!" says the English emigrant; "I thank God! we are out!" says the politician; "Uh, umph, whe-e-ze!" ejaculates the dozing and uncertain passenger, who has been travelling day and night for a week; and thus the time goes on, until the day is well nigh spent, and you see the farewell light of day playing over the sweet waters and Elysian bowers of *Canandaigua*.

A ludicrous incident occurred at Batavia. There is a creek in the neighborhood, which makes "upward of considerable" noise after night-fall. The English passenger, who reached the town before us, by leaving the stage and walking on foot, imagined it to be the Falls of Niagara, from which we were then between fifty and sixty miles. He went out and listened. "My God!" said he, "what oncommon roaring falls them is! They must *ey*-ther be verry 'igh, or else the winds is riz." The mistake was not corrected, and the fellow retired to rest, with his stupid cranium firmly impressed with the belief that his long ears had caught the sound of the Great Cataract. Knickerbocker Mag. for Sept.

INKLING OF AN ADVENTURE.—A tall six-footer, with a spice of oddity and humor in his phiz, and a breast-pin in his bosom, walked into the office the other day, leading by the arm a rustic belle, as slim, perpendicular, and as fresh as a water-lily. Being in our short sleeves, as Jack would say, we "kinder blushed." Now for the scene! thought we. "Bees you the head man here?"—"Ahem! *head* man—oh—you mean the—the marriage collector—the—the"—"La,—my Jonas is so awkward—he means the—the head eater" (*anglice* editor)—"Oh—ah—understand now—you've brought a lot of wedding cake—hey—well—marm, we are pretty much all head eaters at that"—"Oh now—none of your jokeification—I'm serious. Sal and me aint harnessed quite yet—be we Sally. Yer see, Mister, I thought as how I'd just fetch my gal in to see (putting his mouth close to our ear, and then screaming as if we were deaf), to see your *printum offis go*, and kinder surprise her like, you know." "My dear fellow, we are not deaf," said we, screaming at the top of our lungs, and catching up a dictionary. "Ask pardon, I've jist been talking with a deaf man below—may we see the printum offis go?" "Certainly—please promenade between the cases—right and left—down in the middle—cast off. The office isn't exactly in going order—but"—"Oh don't consarn yourself a mite—but what on arth is this?"—"Only a press." "Oh, an improved cheese or cider press! Well, I vum, that's curious enough—let's try it." Taking hold of the devil's tail, and giving it a pull, it flew back, and Jonas, in trying to get out of the way, upset a keg of ink, which, in flying out, blacked all the lower part of his Dulcinea's white gown to a charm—to say nothing of polishing her clean white stockings, and pink kid shoes. It was too—too bad. "My golly!" quoth Jonas, jumping up and trying to wipe off the ink from his belle's gown, &c.—"my golly, who'd have thought I could have pumped out three or four quarts at one pull! Having left her see the "printum offis go," and "kinder surprise her like," they departed. If it was not an adventure—it was an *ink*-ling of one any how and that's just as good when it's warm weather, and there's no "news stirring." Claremont, N. H. Eagle.

MRS. SIDDONS AND DR. JOHNSON.—When Mrs. Siddons visited Dr. Johnson, he paid her two or three very elegant compliments; when she retired, he said to Dr. Glover: "Sir, she is a prodigious fine woman." "Yes," replied Dr. Glover, "but don't you think she is much finer on the stage, when she is adorned by art?" "Sir," said Johnson, "on the stage *art* does not adorn her, *nature adorns* her there, and *art glorifies* her."

LOITERINGS OF TRAVEL.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

LONDON.

A Londoner, if met abroad, answers very vaguely any questions you may be rash enough to put to him about "the city." Talk to him of "town," and he would rather miss seeing St. Peter's, than appear ignorant of any person, thing, custom or fashion, concerning whom or which you might have a curiosity. It is understood all over the world that the "city" of London is that crowded, smoky, jostling, omnibus and cab-haunted portion of the metropolis of England which lies east of Temple Bar. A kind of debateable country, consisting of the Strand, Covent Garden, and Tottenham-court road, then intervenes, and west of these lines what is called "the town." A transit from one to the other by an inhabitant of either, is a matter of some forethought and provision. If milord, in Carlton Terrace, for example, finds it necessary to visit his banker in Lombard-street, he orders—not the blood bay and the cane tilbury which he is wont to drive in the morning—but the crop roadster in the cab, with the night harness, and Poppet his tiger in plain hat and gaiters. If the banker in Lombard-street, on the contrary, emerges from the twilight of his counting-house to make a morning call on the wife of some foreign correspondent, lodging at the Cavendish, he steps into a Piccadilly omnibus, not in the salt-and-pepper creations of his Cheapside tailor, but (for he has an account with Stultz also for his west-end business) in a claret-colored frock of the last fashion at Crockford's, a fresh hat from New Bond-street, and (if he is young) a pair of cherished boots from the Rue St. Honore. He sits very clear of his neighbors on the way, and, getting out at the crossing at Farrance's, the pastry cook, steps in and indulges in a soup, and then walks slowly past the clubs to his rendezvous, at a pace that would ruin his credit irrevocably if practised a mile to the eastward. The difference between the two migrations is simply that though the nobleman affects the plainness of the city, he would not for the world be taken for a citizen; while the junior partner of the house of Firkins & Co. would feel unpleasantly surprised if he were not supposed to be a member of the clubs, lounging to a late breakfast.

There is a "town" manner, too, and a "city" manner, practised with great nicety by all who frequent both extremities of London. Nothing could be in more violent contrast, for example, than the manner of your banker when you dine with him at his country-house, and the same person when you meet him on the narrow side-walk in Throgmorton-street. If you had seen him first in his suburban retreat, you would wonder how such a cordial, joyous, spare-nothing sort of good fellow could ever reduce himself to the cautious proportions of Change Alley. If you met him first in change Alley, on the contrary, you would wonder with quite as much embarrassment, how such a cold, two-fingered, pucker-browed slave of mammon could ever, by any license of interpretation, be called a gentleman. And when you have seen him in both places, and know him well, if he is a favorable specimen of his class, you will be astonished still more to see how completely he will sustain both characters—giving you the cold shoulder, in a way that half insults you at twelve in the morning, and putting his home, horses, cellar and servants completely at your disposal at four in the afternoon. Two souls inhabit the banker's body, and each is apparently sole tenant in turn. As the Hampstead early coach turns the corner by St. Giles's, on its way to the bank, the spirit of gain enters into the bosom of the junior Firkins, ejecting till the coach passes the same spot at three in the afternoon the more gentlemanly inhabitants. Between those hours, look to Firkins for no larger sentiment than may be written upon the blank lines of a note of hand, and expect no courtesy that would occupy the head or hands of the junior partner longer than one second by St. Paul's. With the broad beams of sunshine that inundates the returning omnibus emerging from Holborn into Tottenham-court Road, the angel of port wine and green fields passes his finger across Firkin's brow, and *presto!* the man is changed. The sight of a long and narrow strip of paper, sticking from his neighbor's pocket, depreciates that person in his estimation, he criticises the livery and riding of the groom trotting past, says some very true things of the architecture of the new cottage on the road-side, and is landed at the end of his own shrubbery as pleasant and joyous looking a fellow as you would meet on that side of London. You have ridden out to dine with him, and as he meets you on the lawn, there is still an hour to dinner, and a blood horse spatters round from the stables, which you are welcome to drive to the devil if you like, accompanied either by Mrs. Firkins or himself; or, if you like it better, there are Mrs. Firkins's two ponies, and the chaise holds three and the tiger. Ten to one Mrs. Firkins is a pretty woman, and has her whims, and when you are fairly on the road, she proposes to leave the soup and champagne at home to equalize their extremes of temperature, drive to Whitehall Stairs, take boat and dine, *extempore*, at Richmond. And Firkins, to whom it will be at least twenty pounds out of pocket, claps his hands and says, "By Jove, it's a bright thought! touch up the nigh poney, Mrs. Firkins!" And away you go, Firkins amusing himself the whole way from Hampstead to Richmond, imagining the consternation of his cook and butler when nobody comes to dine.

There is an aristocracy in the city, of course, and Firkins will do business with twenty persons in a day, whom he could never introduce to Mrs. Firkins. The situation of that lady with respect to her society is (she will tell you in confidence) rather embarrassing. There are many very worthy persons, she will say, who represent large sums of money or great interests in trade, whom it is necessary to ask to the Lodge, but who are far from being ornamental to her new blue satin boudoir. She has often proposed to Firkins to have them labelled in tens and thousands according to their fortunes, that if, by any unpleasant accident, Lord Augustus should meet them there, he might respect them like = in Algebra, for what they stand for. But as it is, she is really never safe in calculating on a *société choisie* to dine or sup. When Hook or Smith is just beginning to melt out, or Lady Priscilla is in the middle of a charade, in walks Mr. Snooks, of the foreign house of Snooks, Son & Co., "unexpectedly arrived from Lisbon, and run down without ceremony to call on his respectable correspondent."

"Isn't tiresome?"

"Very, my dear madam! But then you have the happiness of knowing that you promote very essentially your husband's interests, and when he has made a plum——"

"Yes, very true; and then, to be sure, Firkins has had to build papa a villa, and buy my brother Wilfred a commission, and settle an annuity on my aunt, and fit out my youngest brother Bob to India; and when I think of what he does for my family, why I don't mind making now and then a sacrifice; but, after all, it's a great evil not to be able to cultivate one's own class of society."

And so murmurs Mrs. Firkins, who is the prettiest and sweetest creature in the world, and really loves the husband she married for his fortune; but as the prosperity of Haman was nothing while Mordecai sat at the gate, it is nothing to Mrs. Firkins that her father lives in luxury, that her brothers are portioned off, and that she herself can have blue boudoirs and poney-chaises *ad libitum*—while Snooks, Son & Co. may at any moment break in upon the charade of Lady Priscilla!

There is a class of business people in London, mostly bachelors, who have wisely declared themselves independent of the west end, and live in a style of their own in the dark courts and alleys about the Exchange, but with a luxury not exceeded even in the silken recesses of May Fair. You will sometimes meet at the opera a young man of decided style, unexceptionable in his toilette, and quiet and gentlemanlike in his address, who contents himself with the side alley of the pit, and looks at the bright circles of beauty and fashion about him with an indifference it is difficult to explain. Make his acquaintance by chance, and he takes you home to supper in a plain chariot on the best springs Long Acre can turn out; and while you are speculating where, in the name of the Prince of Darkness, these narrow streets will bring you to, you are introduced through a small door into saloons, perfect in taste and luxury, where, ten to one, you sup with the *prima donna* or *la premiere danseuse*, but certainly with the most polished persons of your own sex, not one of whom, though you may have passed a life in London, you ever met in society before. There are, I doubt not, in that vast metropolis, hundreds of small circles of society, composed thus of persons refined by travel and luxury, whose very existence is unsuspected by the fine gentlemen at the West End, but who, in the science of living agreeably, are almost as well entitled to rank among the *cognoscenti* as Lord Sefton or the "member for Finsbury." Mirror.

MAGNANIMITY AND GRATITUDE OF A LION.—Prince, a tame lion on board his majesty's ship Ariadne, had a keeper to whom he was much attached; the keeper got drunk one day, and as the captain never forgave the crime, the keeper was ordered to be flogged. The grating was rigged on the main deck, opposite Prince's den, a large barred up place, the pillars strong and cased with iron.—When the keeper began to strip, Prince rose gloomily from his couch, and got as near to his friend as possible. On beholding his bare back he walked hastily round the den, and when he saw the boatswain inflict the first lash, his eyes sparkled with fire, and his sides resounded with the strong and quick beating of his tail; at last when the blood began to flow from the unfortunate man's back, and the clotted "cats" jerked their gory knots close to the lion's den, his fury became tremendous, he roared with a voice of thunder, shook the strong bars of his prison as if they had been osiers, and finding his efforts to break loose unavailing, he rolled and shrieked in a manner the most terrific that it is possible to conceive. The captain, fearing he might break loose, ordered the marines to load and present at Prince; this threat redoubled his rage, and at last the captain desired the keeper to be cast off and go in to his friend. It is impossible to describe the joy evinced by the lion; he licked with care the mangled and bleeding back of the cruelly treated seaman, caressed him with his paws, which he folded around the keeper, as if to defy any one renewing a similar treatment, and it was only after several hours that Prince would allow the keeper to quit his protection and return among those who had so ill used him.

Martin's History of the British Colonies.

The Boston Post states that the two most distinguished lawyers in London were born in Boston—viz.: Lord Lyndhurst and Sargent Talfourd, (author of the new popular tragedy Ion.) The latter, we believe, has two sisters in that city now, while the former has a sister—the widow of the late Gardner Green, Esq.

Varieties.

The late gallant but eccentric Admiral Sir Thomas Packenham, had the misfortune, when a young man, to be captured along with his frigate, by a Dutch frigate of superior metal. He ever after retained a very sincere respect of Dutch bravery, which he showed by making rather an economical addition to one of his prayers in the litany, which in his prayer book ever after read, "From battle and murder, *and from a Dutchman*, good Lord deliver us."

A GOOD STORY.—We were not a little amused the other day, while riding up from Albany, at hearing an elderly gentleman relate an anecdote relative to the capture of a crocodile, and his conveyance into Charleston, S. C. upon the top of a rail-road car. He said there were a very great number of passengers on board the cars running from Augusta to Charleston, and when within about a dozen miles of the latter place, they espied a crocodile of enormous magnitude. The passengers having a great curiosity to take a fair view of the *animal*, the engineer immediately halted his *team*, and each man, woman and child fastened the eye upon the huge monster of the southern swamps. But they were not to be satisfied with a mere casual glance, and they determined by a majority of votes to seize the *barbarous* creature, and approximate him to *civilized* life. So about twenty men, with a courage equal to Putnam, armed themselves with ropes and other implements of crocodile warfare, dismounted, surrounded the enemy, and took him prisoner, bound him with their ropes, and attached him to one of the cars, and marched triumphantly into the city, like the Roman general, amid the shouts and plaudits of a delighted populace. Schenectady Reflector.

ORIGIN OF SURROGATE.—A young lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word Surrogate. "It is," replied he, "a *gate* through which parties have to pass on their way to get married." "Then I suppose," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of *Sorrow-gate*."

THE PRESENT KING OF SWEDEN was always liberal, and opposed Bonaparte's assumption of a crown. Some years since, a Swede was condemned to death for saying "I do not care a fig for Bernadotte," under an old law made in despotic times, which punished with *death* any disreputable mention of the king.—The jury were obliged to convict under the law, which had long lain dormant.—But the king immediately pardoned the man, and recommended to the Swedish legislature a repeal of the law, which was done. But in pardoning, he said "I do not like to be abused, and the culprit ought to receive *some* punishment. Therefore the judge is requested to say to him, *since you do not care for Bernadotte, Bernadotte does not care a fig for you.*"

TURKISH ROMANCE.—During one of his visits to Pera, the Sultan saw the daughter of M. Tolomie, proprietor of the Hotel d'Europe, in which I lodged.—This young lady, who possesses beauty of the first order, enthralled the grand seignor to such a degree, that he offered the father enormous sums if he would allow his daughter to become an inhabitant of the harem. Both father and daughter, resolute Christians, decisively rejected these advances, and the latter at last left for Leghorn, where she is now said to remain. The Sultan, who really loved the maiden, is reported to have sunk for some time into a species of melancholy, in consequence of his unsuccessful wooing, (to him so novel a thing); and, although he doubtless had the power to carry off the beauty by force, he was yet high-minded enough to despise this means, nor has the father ever been exposed to the revenge of an offended lover.

A SPORTING ANECDOTE.—The National Eagle tells a good story of a young gunner, who, while ranging over the fields one day, and seeing a large black object on a stone wall, which he took for some nondescript tenant of the woods, crept slowly and cautiously along through the bushes till he got as he thought "pretty considerable near." Tick-boong!—it fell from the wall, and our sportsman upon running up to it, to prevent its getting away, crawling into a hole, &c., found that he had put a nice double grist of buck shot into a new beaver hat which a gentleman, who was reclining in the shade at a short distance, had placed there. The hat was of course knocked into the middle of next week—spoilt—and the gunner's gunning was spoilt for ever. He has hardly been within smell of gunpowder since, and having a mortal antipathy to black beavers, always sports a white one. Boston Transcript.

NEW YORK CITY.—A sailor had just landed from New Orleans, where they are draining the Swamp, and endeavoring to clear the plantations above the city from the overflow of the Mississippi, which has burst its banks there. Jack was telling a friend of his the dismal story of this sad state of affairs in the south, where the land was all water, just as he got opposite to a store in Cedar-street, under which two men were pumping out a cellar,—"My eyes, Ned," cried Jack, "only look here. New York has sprung a-leak too!"

The following verses are worthy of the English Augustan age. The little Queen Anne's man could not have produced better over the ocean. They are *par excellence* of the kind.—In a court in one of our Western counties, while James R. Dodge, Esq., was arguing a case, Mr. Swain, Mr. Hilman, and Mr. Dews—gentlemen well known in the western part of our State (N. C.)—the first well known now throughout the State—composed between them the following lines, purporting to be an epitaph on Mr. Dodge, and threw them on a strip of paper directly before this gentleman, where he must necessarily see them when done his argument.

Here lies a *Dodge*, who *dodg'd* all good,
And dodg'd a deal of evil;
But after *dodging* all he could,
He could not *dodge* the devil.

Mr. Dodge raised the paper, read it, and instantly composed the following bone cutter:—

Here lies a *Hilman*, and a *Swain*,*
Whose lot let no man choose;
They liv'd in sin and died in pain,
And the devil got his *Dews* (dues.)

MATERNAL ATTENTION.—Take an infant about ten days old, put a stout capon its head, and then about two dozen thicknesses round its little body. If it happens to have a pin sticking into its flesh, bounce it up and down merrily, talk baby talk, and the work of "tending" is accomplished. Should it happen to be in dog days, wrap it up securely in a blanket, with as many folds as usually encase an Egyptian mummy, and if it cries, be careful that the head be so closely enveloped that no cold air can possibly reach the little suckling. In this way you can save it from being chilled, and effectually *stop its crying!* Northampton Courier.

A POLITE STRUGGLE.—Terrence Brannagan and David Dougherty were sworn brothers, and reckoned very much of the gentlemen, and happening to run against each other in turning a corner, stopped to make apologies. "It was all my fault, Davy my jewel," says Terrence. "By St. Dan O'Connell, but it was all mine," says Davy. "By the honor of a gentleman it was mine," says Terrence. "By the holy poker I say it was mine," says Davy. "Do you doubt the honor of a gentleman? I thought you had more politeness. Better manners to you, say I," says Terrence. "Do you reflect on my manners, you spalpeen? If you won't take a genteel apology, take that," says Davy, hitting Terrence a click aside of his pate, which Terrence returned with interest, and so they had a bloody battle all about politeness. Southern Literary Messenger.

A REMARKABLE TELESCOPE.—"Do you see that church?" said Sir Frederick Flood to a friend. "No—it is scarcely discernible, and I am short-sighted." "Ay—I know—it is a mile off—but when I look at it through my excellent new telescope, it brings it so close I can hear the organ playing."

A GENTLEMAN MIXING IN SOCIETY.—"Who is that gentleman who has just ordered his *seventh* tumbler of punch? He seems to be a member of every club in London." "I believe he is, but I forget his name, he is evidently a person who *mixed* a good deal in society."

"The editor of the Eastern Argus is devoting his time to printing and lying. He seems to be most at home on the latter subject." Jr. Ed. of the U. S. Telegraph.

"We are, it is true, somewhat at home *on lying*, having used a file of the Telegraph for a *cushion* for the last few weeks. Eastern Argus.

Rufus Dawes and James F. Otis propose to publish at Washington, a new daily paper, to be called the "Daily Correspondent."

An old gentleman of eighty-four, having taken to the altar a young damsel of about sixteen, the clergyman said to him, "The font is at the other end of the church." "What do I want with the font?" said the old gentleman. "Oh! I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit, "I thought you had brought the child to be christened."

A country paper has a make-your-hair-stand-on-end article, classified as "Harrowing and Horrible."

Born in an earthquake—moved by steam—all aqua fortis, except the head, and that is brimstone.—I should say, Mr. Editor, that things is a getting interesting. The times breathe nothing but war and blood—and we are told that the lion himself may be brought to bay!! This is exactly into my hands. I have been buried in the upper township for some days, and the dullest time I ever saw—nearly a whole week once, without a single fight, and then we had three *successaciously*. I had thought I would not come to the election at all—but the Times is so ferocious, I think there will be some *fun!* The way that the boys will chase every thing before them, like Paddy's horse Botheration, will be a sin to Moses. I shall be in, Monday, *bright and yearly*. The Yellow Flower of the Forest.

At a recent city dinner, the chairman proposed a toast, but neglected to pass the bottle: upon which a facetious citizen exclaimed, "Mr. President, I will thank you for some wine, for a dry toast always gives me the heart burn."

Talleyrand addressed a letter of condolence to a lady who had lost her husband, in these words—"Oh Madame!" In less than a year the lady married again; his billet of congratulation ran—"Ah! Madame!"

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* The present Governor of North Carolina.

"A FAIR BUSINESS TRANSACTION.—A few miles below Olean, bordering on the Alleghany river, is the "Indian Reservation," inhabited by a remnant of the Seneca nation. Not long since, one of the tribe, named John Titus, engaged to deliver a certain number of pine logs to a trader in Pennsylvania, for which he was to receive five shillings a-piece. The trader, however, upon their delivery, refused to pay over three shillings. John exerted all his influence to induce his customer to pay the stipulated sum but without effect; the trader was inexorable. At length finding all his arguments of no avail, John hit upon an admirable plan for the settlement of the contest. Says he to the trader:

"You and me make a bargain; you say you give me five shillen for my logs, now you say you give me only three. I tell you what I'll do—we'll fight. If you lick me, then you give me three shillen; if I lick you, then you give me five shillen."

The bargain closed, and the battle commenced. For a time the success of either party was doubtful; but at length John, by a *coup de main*, brought his antagonist to the ground, and, holding him down, with his knee placed upon his chest, began a parley—"Now," said he, "you say you give me five shillen, I let you up; you say you give me three shillen, *you no see to-day, to-morrow, nor yesterday.*" Olean Advertiser.

A bear weighing 200 lbs. was killed at Barnard, Vt. last week. He was shot from a tree at the height of sixty feet—higher up than Santa Anna ever ventured to go.

"Gracious father!" exclaimed Crawley, "here are horrible tidings—here is blasphemy—and from the pen, too, of a divine!" Sam was reading the recently published memoirs of Luther; that portion of the work commencing thus—"I frequently reflect on the eternal life, and the joys which await us; but I cannot understand how we are to pass our time; there is to be no change, no labor, *no eating, no drinking*, no employment of any kind." "No eating, no drinking," reiterated Crawley, "Heavens! what a state." Sam threw away the volume, and with it all thoughts of the future, and commenced an immediate attack on a cold capon lined with oysters, and a gallon of stout—thereby establishing the fact, that if there was no "enjoyment," in the next life, there was a most agreeable mode of "passing our time" in this; "and besides," said he, "it is a divine injunction to make the best use of our time."

The combined navies of France, England, and America, (60,000 ships), could not, it is estimated, convey the annual consumption of salt, reckoning 5*s.* a ton, and the value consumed at 30 millions sterling.

Two gentlemen were riding together in this vicinity a few days ago, when they overtook a boy, whom they took by his peculiarly rustic and careless appearance, to be either a fool or in a "brown study." To test their opinion, they inquired of the boy how far it was to *their home*. "Well," said the lad, "I reckon it is about five miles to the *jail*, but I don't know how far it is to the *gallows*. New Bedford Gaz.

The success which has attended the large clubs in London, has induced several respectable gentlemen of New York to institute similar establishments in that city, and there is little doubt that not only there, but throughout the Union and the Canadas, numerous others will speedily go into operation. The New York club has been named the Albion, and like its prototypes, will embrace private dining rooms, library, news-room, &c., to which strangers will be introduced. The institution is placed under a Committee of Managers, to whom all applications for admission have to be addressed. Montreal Gazette.

We understand (says the Albany Evening Journal of Saturday) that a number of citizens of Troy, becoming indignant at the universal destruction of the dogs in that city, assembled together on Thursday evening, went in search of, and found the persons to whom the corporation had delegated that duty, seized them, and took them to a place agreed upon, and then furnished them with an entire suit of tar and feathers! Some of the persons were arrested, but they were immediately bailed.

A BLUNDER.—Mr. Abbot, in a recent performance at the Buffalo theatre, created quite "a sensation," as the phrase is, in the last scene of the Gamester. He was playing Beverly, and in that character it became him to swallow the contents of a phial—usually weak port wine and water—doing duty for laudanum. Owing to the carlessness of the property man, he was supplied with a phial of rancid oil, strongly impregnated with bergamot. Some of this nauseous stuff slipped down his throat, and caused much more of contortion and natural agony, than the author of the play ever expected Mr. Beverly to exhibit on the stage After the relief of a couple of glasses of water, Mr. Abbot recovered his voice, which was completely taken away by the strength of the property man's extraordinary laudanum.

UNCOMMON SUCCESS.—An evening cotemporary, according to his own account, after beating his brains almost to a paralysis, extorted a glimmer! Boston Post.

MOST OUTRAGEOUS.—A fellow by the name of Grim, has stolen two horses from the editor of the Richmond Enquirer. A man who would rob an editor, deserves to have "Stripes" *printed* all over his carcass. Ib.

The Fall River Monitor complains that they are sadly in want of another *hearse*—there being but one in the town—when two people happen to die at the same time it is very inconvenient. Ib.

BULLS—Not Irish, nor Yorkshire—but New York. The following, from the N. Y. Transcript of Tuesday will, out of Wall-street, pass for a *bull*, whatever the *real animals* may have been called by the *bears* of that celebrated sheet:—

"*Bulls—Not Irish, but Yorkshire.*—We were yesterday called upon to view two of the most noble oxen that, perhaps, have ever been seen in the United States. They were bred in Yorkshire, and have been imported for the purpose of *improving* the breed of cattle here."

Farmers will smile at the idea of importing *oxen* for that purpose! Albany Microscope.

THE BIRTH PLACE OF GEN. HAMILTON.—A paragraph, originating with the Philadelphia Sentinel, and copied into this paper on Saturday last, incorrectly stated that Gen. Hamilton was born in Pennsylvania. The mistake no doubt arose from confounding Gen. H. with his father, who was a native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and came to South Carolina after the surrender of Yorktown, in command of a regiment, attached to Wayne's distinguished brigade, which formed a junction with Gen. Greene's Southern division. Gen. H. himself was born in Charleston, about five years after his father became a citizen of this State. The great moralist, Dr. Johnson, remarks, "that even the most trivial error, for the general purposes of truth, ought to be corrected;" and in the spirit of this wholesome maxim, as well as to vindicate the right of Charleston to the nativity of one of her distinguished sons, we make the above correction of an error which we have aided in circulating. Charleston Courier.

SUBMARINE LITERATURE.—One of the carriers of the Baltimore Daily Transcript lately fell off the dock with a bundle of papers under his arm. He was enabled to save himself, though his papers were quickly carried off by the fishes. The editor expects by this copious circulation of his paper throughout the regions of the "Deep blue sea," to obtain many submarine subscribers. He says, "A large cat-fish, who generously undertook to act as agent, was caught a few days since with a whole number inside of him. He doubtless swallowed the contents of the paper with great eagerness."

"I cannot imagine," said Alderman H., "why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair of my head." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brain," observed a wag.

Montgomery, in his lectures on *literature* (!) has the following:—"Who does not turn with absolute contempt from the rings and gems, and filters, and caves, and genii of eastern tales as from the trinkets of a toyshop, and the trumpery of a race-show?" What man of genius but must answer "Not I."

Milton has the expression "Forget thyself to marble."—Pope has the line "I have not yet forgot myself to stone."

Martin Luther, in his reply to Henry Eighth's book, by which the latter acquired the title of "Defender of the Faith," calls the monarch very unceremoniously "a pig, an ass, a dunghill, the spawn of an adder, a basilisk, a lying buffoon, dressed in a king's robes, a mad fool with a frothy mouth and a whorish face."

EPIGRAM—On a scolding wife, who lavished all her fondness on her dogs:—

"So neighbor Snugg," said neighbor Mogg,
"I've lately understood,
Your helpmate treats you like a dog."
"Oh no! I wish she would."

PITIABLE CONDITION.—The Portland Courier says, "Without politics and their accompaniments, the condition of demagogues and party newspapers would be pitiable indeed."—We conceive their condition to be somewhat pitiable as it is.

PUN.—A late marriage between Mr. David Keys and Miss Mercy Dunn, of New York, has caused a waggish friend to remark, that he should think Mr. Keys very *Mercy-ful* if he had not *un-Dunn* his wife.

NO MISTAKE.—The Boston Herald says, "We learn that a dandy was taken up under the dog act yesterday—the officer insisting that he was a puppy.

A CAUTION.—The Portland fire engines (says the Portland Courier) can throw water 1200 feet *horizontally*, and 30 feet *perpendicularly to the end of that!*

AN ANTI-MALTHUSIAN.—The following was communicated to the writer by the late Sir G. Tuthill, M. D.:—Foeder Walief, a native of Astracan, in Asiatic Russia, had by his first wife 69 children at 27 births; by his second wife, 18 children at 8 births—in all, 87 children. He was alive in 1782, aged 76 years.

WALLS OF BONE.—It was stated by the Hon. Francis Baylies, in his address before the citizens of Taunton, at the consecration of Mount Pleasant, that he had seen in South America many walls in one of their cities, built entirely of human bones; the bones have been examined by persons who could not be mistaken.

A Crocodile, estimated to be upwards of 100 years old, measuring 12 feet 4 inches in length, and weighing 551 pounds, was killed in the Red River, near Natchitoches, La., on the 25th ult. His paws, after being dissected, weighed 36 pounds—and the carcase yielded 11 gallons of oil.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 10, 1836.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

Four packets have arrived since our last—two from Havre, the Gladiator from London, and the Hibernia from Liverpool. The latter's day of sailing was the 1st of Aug., but having been detained, our dates are brought down to the 3d ultimo from Liverpool, and to the 2d from London. Among the passengers in the Gladiator, were James W. Wallack and John Morley, of the Theatre Royal, and lady, and Mr. Audubon, the Ornithologist. In the Hibernia, came Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and servant. The K's are engaged at the Park theatre, and Mr. Wallack at the National.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, July 30, 1836.

Parliament will separate about the third week in August, when the summer of the fashionable world will *commence*. Already, however, the town is thinned, and all who *can* leave it have left it, or are on the wing.

The King, poor old soul, has been *very* ill, which has been carefully kept a secret from the public. The fact is, he is breaking fast, and a few months may materially change the regal and political prospects of this country. It is confidently believed that when Victoria becomes Queen, the Government will be *actually* instead of *nominally* liberal. The Duke of Sussex, her favorite uncle, is as much a Liberal as a Royal, public-paid Duke can be, and he has most connexion with the young Princess. She, poor little thing, is remarkably anxious for marriage—just to try what sort of thing it is!

The Duke of Roxburgh, just come to his majority, is about to disappoint half the unwedded ladies of the *haut ton*, by taking as wife the fair and fat Miss Dalbaie, daughter to a hearty old boy named General Dalbaie.

The Duke of Somerset will marry Miss Stewart (the fair Scot) next week. The lady's fortune is immense: it has bought her a coronet, with the incumbrance of an old husband. *N'importe*; she can follow the prevalent example, and have a couple of young, tall footmen.

Lady Sykes is the lady who recently had a *crim. con.* affair with Lord Lyndhurst. The Carlton Club gave £10,000 to store off the action, as his Lordship would be cast in damages, and his character *blown*.

The Prince of Capua and his lady—Penelope Smith, that was—have been civilly but formally refused admittance into Italy. They tried to get in at various places, but the invariable reply was, that the Prince might go in, but the lady must neither accompany or follow him. In this dilemma the royal and happy couple have gone to Marseilles, where they are now.

There is a sort of under whisper in the political world, that if Henry V. marries the young Queen of Spain, the great powers will put down the Spanish war, and allow the Duke of Orleans to marry an Austrian princess.

The Prussian princes have declined visiting Paris, where even the Citizen King's life is uncertain. A new conspiracy has been found out, and Louis Philippe is dreadfully alarmed. His life is not worth a week's purchase, between fright and plots.

Crowds of English are quitting Paris, apprehensive of another revolution, so decidedly is Louis Philippe disliked.

Theatricals are flat. Drury Lane theatre has not found a renter yet, and unless it be let before Aug. 2, must be closed for the season.

Hackett opens at the English Opera house on Monday night: he appears in "the Kentuckian," announced as "a new farce," but, I suspect, an importation from America. Rice continues at the Surrey theatre, filling the house, the manager's pocket, and his own night after night.

Ole Bull (Paganini's rival) is performing in the provinces. Mrs. Waylett is at the Queen's theatre, Miss Turpin and Brough at Liverpool. Ion will be brought out on Monday at the Haymarket—Ellen Tree, as Ion;—the dress cost 50*l*. Ducrow is making a second fortune by Lalla Rookh at Astley's.

All the *European* foreign princes have left London,—three Persian princes remain, guests of the English Government. Their names are Reza Koolee Meerza, Nejeff Koolee Meerza, and Timor Meerza.—They are grandsons of the late Futeh Allee Shah, and children of Hoossein Allee Meerza, late Prince-Governor of the province of Fars, who was the fourth or fifth son of that monarch. Thus they are first cousins of Mahomed Shah, who at present occupies the throne, and who is the son of Abbas Meerza, late Prince Royal of Persia. On the death of Futeh Allee Shah, their father, Hoossein Allee Meerza, conceiving his own title to the throne to be as good as that of his nephew, made an attempt to secure it for himself; but being beaten, and driven back to Shiraz, he was made prisoner there with several of his family, while the three princes now in question, together with three more of their brothers, cut their way from the gates of that city, escaping to the mountains, and after a variety of hardships reached the sanctuary of Meshed Allee, or Nejeff, near Bagdad. From thence they have come to implore the assistance and friendly intervention of the English Government with their cousin the Shah, in procuring for them pardon, and a restitution of part of their private property. They will not remain in England much longer. They are attended on the part of Government by Mr. J. Baillie Fraser, who has himself but lately returned from Persia, and who generally accompanies them in society. They rather avoid publicity, and being made "lions" of, and prefer the inspection of public institutions, military reviews, or arsenals, to balls, concerts, or operas.

The King, indignant at the Duke of Bedford's having subscribed 100*l*. to the O'Connell rent, is said to have ordered the Duke's bust to be removed from the sculpture in Windsor Castle: *it never was there*, as it happens!

Lord Edward Thyme's creditors, whose name is "Legion," have been offered a composition of *one shilling and sixpence in the pound sterling!* Lord Edward's brother-in-law is ducal creditor, for money lent, to the tune of 3000*l*.

We have had a novelty—think of a balloon race in London! It took place this day week at Vauxhall gardens. Thousands were present—among whom were Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Earl and Countess of Charleville, and others of the aristocracy. Mr. Green went up in one balloon, and his brother James in another. Each gentleman took his wife with him. The balloons mounted at the same moment, and Mr. Green's went higher than Mr. J. Green's. They did not take exactly the same route: but remained up half an hour. The æronauts all returned to Vauxhall at 11 P. M., with balloons uninjured. An "official" report of the voyage has appeared: it says,—

"Mr. Green, on seeing his brother descend, instantly followed, and alighted near the rectory house of the Rev. Mr. Simmonds, rector of Paul's Cray, in perfect safety. The worthy rector immediately invited the æronauts to the Rectory house, where there was a company of ladies and gentlemen present, by whom they were received with the utmost cordiality. The Rev. Mr. Simmonds, after having first offered up a prayer on their behalf, provided them with refreshment."

Methinks the parson should have prayed on their behalf when they were *from*, instead of upon terra firma! Then we learn that the parson's wife presented the balloonists with a *testament!*

We have an *on dit* from the Belgic journals, that the second son of the Prince of Orange is to marry the Princess Victoria, and that the eldest son is to espouse a daughter of Nicholas of Russia. Victoria will *not* marry into the Dutchman's family.

A great many *exquisites* from Russia are expected as visitors to the English nobility this season. The Prince de Lieven, in a sulk at his recent losses at Crockfork's, has declined to see any company. He is hermit-like,

"With *one* fair spirit for his minister."

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the novelist, has separated from his wife, a very beautiful and accomplished lady.

Prince Esterhazy is not expected to return to London this year. Next month, with other Austrian nobles, he goes from Vienna to Prague, to assist at the coronation of the Emperor Ferdinand, as King of Hungary and Bohemia. The Prince is Austrian Ambassador at the Court of London.

Rather a *taking* affair made the Southampton race ball a little talked of last week. All the fashion, rank, and beauty of Southampton attended the ball. There was an excellent supper—plenty of *punch Romaine* and champagne. After supper, the waltzing was resumed, and all went off pleasantly until some one discovered that his pocket had been picked! In fact, scarcely any one escaped: gentlemen were *minus* their purses, ladies their watches. Lord Dillon lost 18*l*. It was ascertained that the "swell mob" of London had sent down the genteelest of their corps, who, dressed as gentlemen, had found their way into the ball room. Altogether, about 400*l*. in money and jewels was *appropriated*.

Tom Moore has re-commenced his political squibs. He is writing for the *Morning Chronicle*, and sometimes writes well. Here is his last—but you should first know the subject. There is a mad parson in England, who travels about attacking Ireland (of which he is a native) and the Catholic religion, of which he was a member. At a recent bible meeting at Exeter Hall, he produced a translation of an encyclical letter from the present Pope, Gregory XVI., to the Catholic clergy of Ireland, urging them to play a winning game, for their creed, against the Government—to use the Ministry as their tools. This was all well, but the letter turns out to be a *forgery*, concocted by Dr. Todd, of Dublin, and admitted by the mad parson, Robert M'Ghee, to be such; he calls it, politely, "an ingenious device of his learned friend." On this hint Moore has written, and the letter is intended, no doubt, for a new edition of "The Fudges in England." Having thus explained the subject, here is the letter:—

LETTER FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN TO THE REV. MURTAGH O'MULLIGAN.

Arrah, where were *you*, Murthagh, that beautiful day,
Or, how came it your Riverence was laid on the shelf.
When that poor craythur, Bobby, as *you* were away,
Had to make *twice* as great a 'Tom-fool of *himself*.

Truth, it wasn't at all civil to lave in the lurch
A boy so desarving your tindh'rest affection;—
Two such iligant Siamese twins of the Church,
As Bob and yourself, ne'er should cut the connexion.

If thus in two different directions you pull,
'Faith, they'll swear that yourself and your Riverend brother
Are like those quare foxes, in Gregory's Bull,
Whose tails were join'd *one* way, while they look'd *another!**

Och, blessed be he, whosomdever he be,
That help'd soft Magee to that Bull of a Letther'
Not even us Pats, though we sometimes make free
At such bull-manufacture, could make him a betther.

To be sure, when a lad takes to *forgin'* this way,
'Tis a trick he's much tempted to carry on gayly:
Till, at last, his "injanious devices"† some day
Show him up, not at Exether Hall, but th' Ould Bailey.

That parsons should forge thus, appears mighty odd;
And (as if somethin' "odd" in their *names*, too, must be)
One forger, of ould, was a riverend Dodd,
While a riverend Todd's now his match to a T.

But, no matther *who* did it—all blessings betide him.
For dishin' up Bob in a manner so nate:
And there wanted but *you*, Murthagh 'vourneen, beside him,
To make the whole grand dish of *bull* calf complate.

* "You will increase the enmity with which they are regarded by their associates in heresy, thus tying these foxes by their tails that their faces may tend in opposite directions."—Bob's Bull, read at Exeter Hall, July 14th.

† "An ingenious device of my learned friend."—Bob's Letter to *Standard*.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

John Bascomb is open to run a match, four mile heats, against any nag in America, for *Twenty Thousand Dollars*. Should this banter not be taken up before Jan. next, his owner, Col. CROWELL, (who has just refused $20,000 for him), proposes standing him next season at Augusta, Ga. [Our authority for the above, is a letter from a gentleman well known on the turf, dated Crab Orchard, Ky., 22d August, in which the writer also states that he saw Col. C. the day previous, on his way home from the Springs].

Colonel Crowell has united his stable to that of Mr. JOHN G. WINTER, at Augusta, Ga. His tried nags are sadly knocked up; *Lady Nashville* has broke down, *Bill Austin* is nearly blind, and *Bolivia* is in foal to Robin Hood. The Colonel has recently purchased from Major DONELSON, a Stockholder filly, out of a Constitution mare, for $1500, now entered in a sweepstakes, $500 sub., to come next Fall, (1837), at Nashville.

Messrs. Winter and Morrison, of Augusta, have divided their stable. Mordecai S. Hammond, (Bascomb's trainer), is engaged by the former, while Capt. James J. Harrison will train for the latter.

Hard Heart, we hear, is now at Jackson, Tenn., and it is more than probable a match will be concluded between him and *Silk-Stockings*, the latter having challenged the world to run a 1,000 yards over the Course at that place for $1000. A proposition was sent him sometime since, to run the same distance over the Nashville Course, for One or Two Thousand Dollars, but as yet no answer has been received.

Mr. R. S. Wooding has Col. Osman Claiborne's stable in training, at Madisonville, Miss., and a good one it is.

Some friend of GARRISON'S, if it be not himself, (as we shrewdly suspect), writes us to the following effect on the margin of a Norfolk newspaper containing a programme of the races:—

"What think you of this bill of Fare Mr. P? 'Old Virginia never tires'—bring on your best. We will give you a hearty welcome and beat you into the bargain—*if we can!* Cippus and Bumper "look tareing;" 21 in Garrison's stable; Old Charles says their pace is a caution. Will Mr. Stevens "never cross the Tweed?" We have has good Grape and Heidsick here as you have in Gotham, and jovial boys to quaff it. A thrice hearty welcome awaits him.—Send him on!"

TENNESSEE, vs. KENTUCKY.

[The Banters between the Turfmen of these two States have been promptly placed on record in our columns, and our readers will not have forgotten the number that have been exchanged between *Lilac*, of Tenn., and *Misletoe*, of Ky., all of which have duly appeared. A recent letter from Kentucky, from a spirited turfman, having no partiality for, or interest in either horse, is to the following effect. We give it as a matter of sporting intelligence merely, without endorsing the statements of our correspondent. To enable our *new* subscribers (increasing at the rate of fifty per week) more fully to understand the matter in dispute, we republish Gen. Mabry's last challenge, by request].

"In my last I stated the possibility of the race between *Lilac* and *Misletoe* coming off; in this I was premature. I now send you a letter of Gen. Mabry's, and the answer of Mr. Ward, which, with the former correspondence relative to this match, published in your paper, please give insertion.

Campbell's Station, Knox Co. Tenn., July 10, 1836.

JUNIUS R. WARD, Esq.—I have seen your proposition proposing to run your filly *Misletoe* against my filly *Lilac*, 5000 to 4000 dollars, half forfeit—two mile heats, over the Louisville Oakland Course, on the 20th September, 1836. Aware of the great disadvantage in travelling in so warm a season of the year, together with change of water, climate, &c. &c., I therefore propose the race be run over the Nashville Race Course on the 20th September, 1836, 5000 on Lilac to 3000 dollars on Misletoe, half forfeit. This proposition is made, allowing you to give or take it by changing the place of running, and the sums on the different courses if you come to Nashville—the cash to be placed in the Union Bank of Nashville, Tenn. Should you prefer running at Louisville, Ky., then the forfeit to be placed in the Bank at Louisville, Ky. Should you conclude to offer 5000 to 3000, early notice is desirable, that my stock may leave Nashville by the 5th of August, having only one trainer, my stable consisting of seven, will have to travel to Ky. or be left idle. Also, I shall have to pay forfeit on an engagement that I have at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. therefore I prefer your coming to Tenn. I also propose to run my ch colt *Hugh Lawson White*, 3 years old, by Imported Leviathan, two mile heats, against any 3 year old colt raised in Kentucky, for any sum from 1000 to 5000 dollars, over the Nashville Course, on the 22d September next. Two to one on Hugh Lawson, and you to name the sum and the colt by the 5th day of August next, and 2000 on Hugh Lawson to one on the colt you name, and so on from 1000 to 5000 dollars, half forfeit, and the forfeit to be deposited as in the first proposition—the rules of the Central Course to govern in each case.

Respectfully, J. A. MABRY.

REPLY.

Georgetown, Scott Co. Ky., July 30, 1836.

GEN. J. A. MABRY.—Your letter of the 10th July I have just seen in the "Knoxville Register," from the New York Spirit of the Times. From the tenor of your challenge I supposed of course you would make the race to run Misletoe and Lilac at Louisville. The postscript to your proposition, [in a former communication,] in which you say, "If this does not suit the gentlemen of Ky., will they offer me any other inducements to go to Louisville?" led me to believe you were pledged to come to Louisville, if the same terms were offered you. This impression induced me to propose running Misletoe against Lilac at Louisville, for 5000 against 4000 dollars.

The Match between Angora and Rodolph having been previously made, was the reason why I proposed running Misletoe against any horse in Tennessee. I supposed the Gentlemen from Tenn. would like to bring more than one horse, so as to have more sport, and a fair trial of speed.

You cannot be serious in supposing I would go to Nashville, to run on the same day of the match between *Angora* and *Rodolph* at Louisville; nor ought you to expect a bet of 5000 to 3000 to induce you to come to Louisville. I am still willing to run Misletoe against Lilac two miles and repeat at Louisville, for 5000 against 4000 dollars, on the day before the match of Angora and Rodolph. If this proposition is declined, it is useless to continue the correspondence.

JUNIUS R. WARD.

On Gen. Mabry's receiving the answer of Mr. Ward to his proposition of July 10th, he immediately sent instructions to his trainer, Mr. Henry, to proceed with his stable from Nashville, Tenn., to Louisville, Ky.; but on his arrival at the Harrodsburgh Springs, Gen. M. received information that it was not the intention of Mr. Ward to run the match, owing to Misletoe's *falling lame*. On getting this intelligence, Gen. M. wrote to Bowling Green, Ky., to stop the progress of his stable, but it was uncertain whether Mr. Henry would get his letter, and it is more than probable that ere this his stable has arrived at Louisville. [It has arrived there.] Though Gen. Mabry has been put to great expense by the reception of Mr. Ward's *banter*, yet still it is not his intention to claim the forfeit. And he is still ready to run Lilac the same distance over the Oakland Course, at Louisville, in October or November next, agreeable to Mr. Ward's own proposition—Mr. Ward to name the day,—the Gen. only wishing to arrive the night before to beat Misletoe; or if this should not suit Mr. Ward, he will run the match at Greensburg, Ky., in November next, for 5000 dollars aside, half forfeit.

If this proposition is not taken, Gen. M. will run Lilac, mile heats, *against any nag in Kentucky, and over any Course in Kentucky*, for from 1000 to 5000 dollars aside, half forfeit,—or *against any horse in America* the same distance, to meet on half way ground, for the same sum.

He will also run his ch c Hugh Lawson White, 3 years old, by Imported Leviathan, against any three year old, owned and raised in Kentucky, in October or November next, two mile heats, for from 1000 to 5000 dollars a side, half forfeit. The rules of the Central Course to govern in the above matches.

By these banters Gen. M. does not intend to excite or wound the feelings of the Gentlemen of Kentucky, but merely to compel Mr. Ward to *run the race or back out!*"

[Our Correspondent appears to have written the article above under a degree of excitement, hardly warrantable by the facts. The whole correspondence has been laid before our readers, and on referring to it, we do not see how any fling or allusion to *backing out* can be made by either party. Having heard one side, we beg distinctly to be understood that our columns are alike open to the other.]—*Editor.*

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, 5th Sept., 1836

My Dear Sir.—Mr. STRATTON having left this city, about a fortnight since, for his residence, Salem, Bottetourt Co., Virginia, I take the liberty to call your attention to a challenge he forwarded to you, as he informed me, for insertion in your paper, which *has not appeared*. He proposed, as well as I recollect, to run his horse *Morris* against *Pythias*, four mile heats, for $1000 or $2000, on the day preceding the regular races here, and agreeably to its rules, over the "National Course." As I may merely recal to your recollection a subject that might have been otherwise forgotten, it is left for your own decision to adopt such course as you think best. Both Mr. Oliver and Mr. Stratton deny the correctness of the statement coupled with the challenge offered *with* Pythias. They say he was no where in the race. In the taunt cast upon "*the Captain*," that he "*never* ran a good second heat," the author of it flies directly into the face of facts. The racing calendar shews that the two best heats he ever ran—3:44 and 3:48, were *both* second heats. If such was the belief, why not challenge him for two mile heats, *after* he shall have recovered of the distemper, that will prevent his running this autumn?

If you will follow up your notice of "*The American Stud Book*," with an *article* furnishing the pedigrees of *all* thorough bred horses *in training* and in the studs on Long Island and *your* vicinity, (such as *Coronet*, *Admiral*, &c.) whose pedigrees have *not* been published in the Turf Register, you will confer a favor.

Were you to ask the owners of the horses engaged in the heavy matches at the West to furnish you their pedigrees for publication, I presume they might be obtained, and in that way the owners would render themselves *a service*, as the publication might not be too late for publication in the Stud Book.

Mr. OLIVER is now on his ground preparing for the coming campaign. *Morris* and *Queen of Clubs*, a 4 year old, both by Eclipse and their dams by Gracchus, are the only tried nags in his stable. *Atalanta* is but partially so: the others are 3 year olds, some engaged in matches and sweepstakes. At Richmond he learned that *Black Heath* was the crack horse of Virginia, as the leading favorite, notwithstanding the laurels gained last spring by *Spartacus*, and that *Argyle* is said to be doing well in the veteran's hands; besides him, Colonel JOHNSON has *Ironette*, *Juliana*, *Charles Kemble*, and several 3 and 4 year olds that have cut a figure. Col. HETH has *Experiment*, (that made so fine a 4 mile race at Kendall's Course last Spring), *Margaret Armistead*, and some colts that have been winners. Mr. GARRISON has a very extensive, if not a very fine *string*, at Norfolk. *Ohio* and *Hanslap* may revive their laurels; but more is calculated from the younger horses, *Agility*, *Cippus*, *Miss Maynard*, *Bumper*, his Leviathan filly, and perhaps some more. WILLIAMSON is said to have from 20 to 30 horses in training at Tree Hill, where Mr. J. P. CORBIN has a full stable; among them Herr Cline's brother (*Isaac*), to run the match at Tappahannock against *Robin Brown*. Mr. ADAMS, no doubt, has others besides *Black Heath* and *Sommerville*. From Messrs. HARE, BOTTS, DOSWELL, WHITE, &c., &c., something may be expected—wherefore as *many* may enter the arena in Virginia in the course of a few weeks as on *any* former occasion. The powers of a *Trifle* or a *Bascomb* may be brought before the public, though not now suspected.

I am unable to give you any account of the stables around Baltimore.

J. P. WHITE, Esq., of Mount Clement, has *Robin Brown*, *Alp*, *Switch*, with several untried nags.

REMARKS. The letter alluded to of Mr. Stratton's has never come to hand, nor did that gentleman speak to us of challenging Pythias during his recent visit to this city.

We have before expressed our willingness to publish well authenticated pedigrees, that may be forwarded to us, but we cannot undertake to hunt them up ourselves. The pedigrees of the horses now in training on Long Island would fill a volume of the Turf Register.

The suggestion thrown out to Western and Southern turfmen, we should like to see adopted; we shall be glad to afford every facility in our power.

We need not remark here that we shall be glad to hear frequently from our correspondent.

WAKE SNAKES!

Turfmen of the North, and strangers in town from the South and West, who intend taking Maryland and the Old Dominion in their way home, *if there is any prospect of sport at the races*, are enquiring of us daily, "What are they going to show *us* this Fall on the Union Course? What is BAILEY about at Trenton? Will there be much sport at the Central, and what is Kendall doing to carry on the war?" The same questions are asked of the Clubs at Norfolk, Petersburg, Washington, and the three at Richmond. Our Northern turfmen, especially those with large stables, are anxious to see what purses are to be offered by the different proprietors, that will "help pay expences." How are they to know, or anybody else, if proprietors do not advertise? With half the papers in the country before us, we find but an occasional programme of the Fall Races coming off upon courses in Virginia and those north of the Potomac. At the South and West, almost every other sheet we open contains half a dozen, thereby giving turfmen at a distance an opportunity to make the necessary arrangements for a regular campaign. By this means the interests of the proprietors are served, as well as those of breeders and trainers.

P. S. Since writing the above, we have received the Bills of Fare offered by the proprietors of the Union Course, and also those at Trenton and Norfolk.

☞ CONKLIN informs us that he cannot make out his list of Purses, etc., for his First Fall Meeting on the Centreville Trotting Course until next week.

SPRING HILL ASSOCIATION RACES.

The Fall meeting of the Association commenced at Crab Orchard, Ky., on Thursday, the 25th ult. There were nearly forty horses in attendance, and a fine assemblage of turfmen; among others, with their stables, our special reporter names Col. Buford, Messrs. Stapp, Kennedy, Thompson, Davenport, Ferris, Warfield, etc., etc. The course is situated about a mile from the town, and is twenty yards over a mile in length, measured three feet from the fence. Col. THOMAS BUFORD is President of the Association, and S. O. MIDDLETON, Esq., Secretary.

First Day, Thursday, Aug. 25. Purse $300; ent. $30. Three mile heats.

1. Robt. Mosby's s. h. *Bucephalus*, by Bertrand, dam by Sumpter 4 yrs. 100 lbs. 1 1
2. Wm. Ferris' b. c. *Splendour*, by Trumpator, dam Julia, by Archie, 4 yrs. 97 lbs. ..... 4 dr.
3. Wyatt Hoffman's b. h. *Chifney*, by John Richards, dam by Defiance, 7 yrs. 126 lbs. 3 2
4. James Simpson's s. h. *Medallion*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 6 yrs. 118 lbs. 2 3
5. John Haddock's b. h. *Birmingham*, by Sumpter, dam by Bolquin, 5 yrs. 110 lbs. ..... dis.
6. Thomas Buford's b. h. *Daniel Webster*, by Bertrand, dam by Variety by Imp. Buster, 5 yrs. 110 lbs. ..... 5 dis.

Time—1st heat, 6:35; 2nd heat, 6:30.

The above race came off this morning, and was attended by a number of the lovers of sport. The only damper was the rain, which came down in torrents during the day. Daniel Webster was the favorite, although the betting was of little amount. The track was in a dreadful state—in many places nothing but mud and water.

First Heat.—At 12 o'clock the signal being given, the riders were brought up to be weighed: on drawing for the track, it was allotted to Bucephalus. On the tap of the drum they went off, Daniel taking the lead, followed by Medallion, Bucephalus trailing. In the second round Bucephalus locked Daniel, and soon left him behind; at the turn in coming in on the last round, Daniel pressing Bucephalus hard, slipped and threw his rider; the boy quickly recovered the reins and managed to get Daniel in so as to save his distance. Had it not been for this circumstance, the result might have been different. Birmingham gave up in the second round; Chifney made some pretty running, but Bucephalus was too much for him.

Second Heat.—At the tap of the drum only four of them came up, Bucephalus Chifney, Medallion, and Daniel Webster; they appeared all of them to have had enough of it; Bucephalus having the track also took the lead, followed by Chifney, who made several attempts to lock him without success. Daniel gave in the second round, very much distressed, and Bucephalus won the heat with ease.

In the afternoon a Sweepstake Race, for 2 years old colts came off. Entrance $25, to carry 75 lbs.; 8 entries, mile heats.

1. Wood S. Miller's ch. f. by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent 1 1
2. S. Davenport's b. c. *Alexander Campbell*, by Collier, d. by Kosciusko. 2 2
3. F. W. Ferris's s. c. *Joshua Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John 3 3
4. Golson Stapp's s. c. *Jim Estell*, by Collier, dam by Mandam ..... dis.
5. Thomas Kennedy's c. *Caldwell*, by King William ..... pd. ft.
6. E. Best's s. f. by Shakspeare ..... pd. ft.
7. Wyatt Hoffman's b. f. by Columbus, dam by Missouri Whip ..... pd. ft.
8. Stapp & Co's. s. f. by Nero ..... pd. ft.

Time—1st heat, 2:0; 2nd heat, 2:1.

First Heat.—Joshua Bell had the track, which the ch. filly soon took up, and though she was several times pressed by Alex. Campbell, she kept the lead, and won the heat by two lengths, Jim Estell being distanced.

Second Heat.—Alex. Campbell took the lead followed by Joshua; but the filly soon passed them both, and never allowed them to come near her again. Taking the state of the track into consideration, the time they made for untried 2 years old, you must allow was splendid; every thing went off heavily owing to the state of the weather.

Second Day.—Purse $200; entrance $20. Two mile heats.

1. Samuel Davenport's b. h. *Grayfoot*, by Trumpator, dam by Thurman's Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. 100 lbs. 3 1 1
2. John Harper's s. h. *Bachelor*, by Brunswick, dam by Moses, 4 yrs. 100 lbs. ..... 1 3 dis.
3. E. Warfield's b. m. *Olivia*, by Sidi Hamet, dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs. 107 lbs. 2 2 2
4. Wm. Stapp's *Contendar*, by William, out of Transport, dam by Old Celer by Imp. Diomed, 7 yrs. 126 lbs. ..... 6 dr.
5. Thos. Kennedy's br. m. *Lucinda*, by Sumpter, dam by Whip, 5 yrs. 107 lbs. ..... 5 4 dis.
6. James Dunn's b. c. *Houston*, by Columbus, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 3 yrs. 86 lbs. ..... 4 dr.

Time—1st heat, 4:10; 2d heat, 4:15; 3d heat, 4:20.

The above race caused much excitement; and had the track been in better order, the result as regards time would have been much better. Houston had the track, and on the signal being given, they went off together; Bachelor soon took the lead. In the second round the field tailed off, Bachelor still leading, pressed closely by Olivia, Grayfoot trailing. Bachelor won this heat with ease.

Second Heat.—They got away together, Olivia leading, Bachelor second and Grayfoot third; they kept this position until going up the back stretch in the second round, when Grayfoot passed his competitors, winning by several lengths.

Third Heat.—Lucinda had the start, but Grayfoot soon passed, and was never headed, Lucinda and Bachelor being distanced.

Third Day.—A Sweepstake, mile heats. Purse $100.

1. Mason Thompson's b. m. *Eliza Bailey*, by Columbus, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. 97 lbs. 1 1
2. Golson Stapp's s. f. *Cinderella*, by Kosciusko, dam by Comet, 4 yrs. 97 lbs. ..... 4 dis.
3. S. Davenport's br. h. *Sam Brown*, by Trumpator, dam by Whip, 5 yrs. 110 lbs. ..... 5 dr.
4. Wm. Ferris' b. c. *Belzoni*, by Trumpator, dam Calypso, by Archie, 4 yrs. 100 lbs. ..... 3 dis.
5. Wyatt Hoffman's b. h. *Ben Duncan*, d. by Sir Henry, 4 ys. 100 lbs. 2 2
6. Thomas Kennedy's s. c. *Caldwell*, by King William, dam by Virginius, 3 yrs. 86 lbs. ..... pd. ft.

Time—1st heat, 2:10; 2nd heat, 2:7.

Eliza Bailey was the favorite against the field, but the bets were small; Ben Duncan had the track, but Sam Brown at once took the lead, Eliza trailing behind under a pull; Sam locked Ben Duncan and passed him; but in the quarter stretch, in coming in, Sam threw his rider; Eliza now came forward, passed Ben, and won the heat in fine style.

Second Heat.—Eliza had the track and kept the lead; Ben made several attempts to lock her, but she would not allow him to come near her, and won by several lengths.

Same Day.—A Post Sweepstakes, two mile heats; ent. $100, half forfeit.

1. Stapp & Shackleford's s. c. *Styles*, by Dungannon, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs. 86 lbs. 1 2 1
2. H. W. Ferris' s. f. *Francis Anne*, by Frank, d. by Old Charles, 3 yrs. 83 lbs. 2 1 2
3. Wyatt Hoffman's b. h. *Jaspar*, by Columbus, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 3 yrs. 86 lbs. 3 3 3
4. Thomas Kennedy's s. h. *Ebenezer Best*, by Saladin, 3 ys. 86 lbs. dist.

Time, 1st heat, 4:30; 2nd heat, 4:35; 3d heat, 4:34.

This sweepstake came off in the afternoon, for colts that had never run in a Jockey Club Race. On the track being drawn for, it was allotted to Ebenezer Best. Styles was the favorite against the field, but few betters. The contest was pretty severe, by far the best contested race that we have had here. On the signal being given, they went off in good style, Ebenezer leading, Jaspar second, Styles third; Ebenezer kept the lead during the first round, but in the second was thrown out by running against the fence; Francis Ann now came up behind Jasper, to whom she soon gave the "go by," and pressed Styles pretty severely, who only won the heat by a length.

Second Heat.—At the appointed time they came up in good order; Francis Anne took the lead, but Styles locked and passed her with Jaspar laying close behind him; in the last quarter stretch Francis made a push and left both of her competitors far behind. The backers of Styles began to look rather blue, and those that had taken the field against him, to make a trifle of noise. The cheering might have been heard two miles.

Third Heat.—On coming up Styles appeared in good condition. On the signal being given, they went off at a quick pace, Jaspar leading, Francis Anne second, Styles laying behind under a pull. Jaspar kept the lead during the first round, and though frequently pressed both by the mare and Styles, he maintained his stride and position, and no doubt would have won the heat and race, but at the commencement of the second round he fell and threw his rider. Styles now came forward and took the position which Jaspar had, and won the heat with perfect ease. Great credit is due to the boy that rode Jaspar; he mounted again, and though he was thrown out at least 300 yards, he saved his distance. Thus ended the Fall meeting at Crab Orchard, and taking into consideration that the track is twenty yards over a mile, and also the state it was in from a continual rani, the time made was pretty good.

GOSSIP IN SOUTHERN SPORTING CIRCLES.

BATESVILLE, *Arkansas*, August 12, 1836.

DEAR PORTER—*Betsey Malone*, the *Trifle* of the West, and no trifle at that, is in training in Nashville, Tenn. Some think a four years old will pick her up; I don't think so. WATSON has nine fine colts in training. Look out for *sights*; my word for it, your ARTHUR TAYLORS and HAMMONDS can't make much off of him in training. Compare his last year's campaign with that of either of them, and the balance will be on his side. *Betsey* and *Linnet* won more money than *Old Nick* ever handled, and they do say he has fingered *lots and gobs*.

Major NEILL, of Florence, Ala., has a fine filly out of Sally Moore by Leviathan, which he has named *Cynthiana*, also *Chilhourr*, a superb colt out of an Archy mare by Noland's Red Jacket—and though the Maj. is somewhat slow in his movements, the way he will put it up on them is nobody's business. I have heard nothing from *Extio*. If Tom K. don't make some fellow think this Fall that he has waked up the wrong passenger, then "my name is Haynes." The *Eagle* has a Leviathan filly called *Levantine*, that has a little more of *giniwine* finish about her than any three year old that wears a tail.

Swift things are coming—oh ho, oh ho! Any news from G. A. P. and H. K. since they sailed? [Yes, and expect them daily from Liverpool]. My latest information left *Punch* and *Rex* at a tight little game of bluff. *Punch* called him for one of his best stallions or a pair of screws; *Rex* had *big tick*. "Damn it, Rex," says Pynch, "accidents will happen in the best regulated families—the girl said she knew it by experience, for she had had *two*." *Punch* had his eye on *Plenipo* when he sailed, so stand back and say nothing.

Were you ever at Florence? If not, you never had the pleasure of seeing the *immortal* Gilton "roll his bones." The way he twists his under-jaw, would shame a ram's horn. He says he can beat the face of the *yearth* at *curds*, except —— —— of *Flurrence*.

We have a *Panther* hunt on Saturday; if well, I will attend and give you the particulars.

Truly, yours, N.

P.S Keep dark, and say nothing, for the way they are going to put up a purse of $2000, the four mile day at Mobile, with some nice little *pickings* the other days, is fun to Watson. Those Mobile chaps *arn't* slow. When they go a *catting*, they scare other *fish*, though once in a while they *take in* a *Sucker*. The way it is hot there, is distressing even to a sable son of Africa. Speaking of hot weather, we have had a small sprinkling just about here. A fellow told me yesterday, as he wiped the sweat off, that he had never known as *unanimously* hot weather in all his life. N.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE.

Several capital matches have recently come off over this popular course on Long Island, to wit:—

Monday, 29th Aug. Match, $500 a side. Mile heats, under the saddle.

Mr. ——'s *Splaw-Foot* 1 1
Mr. ——'s *Fanny Kemble* 2 2
Time, 1st heat, 3:12—2d, 3:6. Both untried nags.

Same Day.—Match, $500 a side. Mile heats, under the saddle.

Mr. ——'s *Flora Temple* 1 1
Mr. ——'s *Sam* 2 2
Time, 1st heat, 3:1—2d, 3:5. Both green horses.

Monday, Sept. 5th.—Match, $250 a side. Mile heats, in wagons.

Mr. Kelsey's *Jack Reeve* 1 1
Dr. Gedney's *Mail-Carrier* 2 2
Time, 1st heat, 2:58—2d, 2:59.

The winner is a green horse, of great promise; he was driven in a wagon, running upon the wheels of two sulkies—a very *varmint* looking affair altogether. Considering that the course was heavy, from the rain during the match, the time made is not to be sneezed at. The weight carried by each horse in the matches above was not less than 146lbs, and generally much more.

NEW YORK REGATTA.

The Boat Clubs at Castle Garden gave their second soiree on Tuesday evening last, at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken. Dancing was continued till a late hour, when the company separated, highly delighted with the evening's entertainments. Talking of boats, reminds us that the second *annual regatta* of the AMATEUR BOAT CLUB ASSOCIATION of this city, will take place on Monday afternoon, 19th inst., from their head-quarters, Castle Garden. Now, as the members of this association are from among the most "orthodox" young men in Gotham, and as they possess some of the most beautiful boats that ever made glad the heart, or emptied the pocket of man, we take great pleasure in calling the attention of "our friends and the public" to the aforesaid Regatta.

We annex a few particulars, which we have picked up relative to the coming race.

Primo.—The Regatta will commence at 3½ o'clock P. M., with the race of the four-oared boats, Atlantic, Minerva, and Gleam. The prize, a silver pitcher, (*empty?*)

Secundo.—At the close of the four-oared race, the six-oared gentry take the field, Wave, Ariel, Walkona, Dolphin, Eagle. Prizes, two silver pitchers.

Tertio.—The "course and distance" is around Bedlow's Island, and back to the Battery, in all five miles, good measure!

At the termination of this race the prizes will be presented by the judges.

"The whole to conclude" with a collation in the saloon, where divers things will be done, *not* excepting eating and drinking.

N. B. The wives, sisters, and sweethearts of the association will be present in the Garden to view the race, and we would inform our Benedict friends, that the taste of the Clubs in this matter is unexceptionable.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

Liverpool, August 1, 1836.

Goodwood Races are over. They took place on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday,—the Drawing Room Stakes being the chief feature of the first day, the Goodwood Stakes of the second, and the Cup of the last.

Lord Lichfield's *Elis* won the Drawing Room Stakes. Only 3 others placed, 26 subs. Odds 5 to 2 on him.

Mr. Houldsworth's *Felix* won the Goodwood Stakes, 90 subs. Odds 15 to 1 against him.

Lord Chesterfield's *Hornsea* won the Goodwood Cup, beating Elis, Rockingham, and 10 others.

[The report extends to such a length that we are reluctantly compelled to postpone its insertion until next Saturday.]

The nominations for Epsom meeting, 1837, have just reached me,—135 subs, for a renewal of the Derby Stakes, and 103 subs. for a renewal of the Oaks Stakes of £50 each, h. ft.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.—The St. Leger begins to excite great attention, both in Manchester and London. Wedge and Trapball have advanced at Manchester,—Trapball has gone back at London.

Manchester betting on the St. Leger—(bets of yesterday):

5 to 1 agst Gladiator, (taken)	9 to 1 agst Redshank.
6 to 1 — Wedge (taken)	10 to 1 — Bee's-wing.
7 to 1 — Trapball (taken)	20 to 1 — Locomotive.
8 to 1 — Vulture (taken)	

Tattersall's, London, July 25:

5 to 1 agst Gladiator, by Partizan, out of Pauline, by Moses (taken).
6 to 1 — Trapball, by Battledore, out of Mercandotti.
7 to 1 — Wedge, by Picton, out of Vat, by Langar, (taken).
8 to 1 — Redshank, by Sandbeck, out of Johanna, (taken).
10 to 1 — Vulture, by Langar, out of Kite, by Bustard, (taken).
10 to 1 — Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, out of Tomboy's dam.

Tattersall's, London, July 30.

5 to 1 agst Gladiator (t.)	8 to 1 agst Trapball.
6½ to 1 — Wedge (t.)	12 to 1 — Elis (offered.)
9 to 1 — Vulture (t.)	14 to 1 — Brother to Bamfylde.
8 to 1 — Redshank (t.)	

The settling, at Manchester and Liverpool, has passed off pretty well. Chasse and Oswald were enormously backed, and Birdlime (the winner) was not much fancied, and only a few won heavily on her.

Earl Fitzwilliam has been offered 2000 gs for *Medoro* by an American gentleman, which his lordship refused to accept. We are glad to hear that the Noble Lord has determined to keep so valuable a stallion in his stud.

Mr. HUGH KIRKMAN has *Glencoe* here, and ships him off immediately with 4 others.

Black Diamond is sold to Lord Eglinton, and has gone by his Lordship's orders, into Dawson's stable, at Middleham.

BRUSSELS RACES commenced on July 21, and went off flatly—the weather was bad and the entries few. Leopold and his wife were not present, being on a visit to Louis Philippe, at Paris. The Princes of Coburg were in the Royal Stand. With the exception of Count Duval's Erivan (bred by the Prince of Orange), and M. Hugue's Coriolanus, there was not a single native horse, nor does it appear that any colts of merit are coming forward. A plate of £100 for horses of all countries, was sharply contested between Lord H. Seymour's *Moralto*, and the Vervier Society's three year old colt *Wavrer*, (brother to Plenipo). The latter made all the running, and won cleverly by half a length. Some wag entered a long-tailed cart-horse, with a boy equipped in a blouse by way of a jockey. The poor animal seemed to enjoy the joke much less than the spectators.—The next day Count Duval's Erivan walked over for the prize of 2500 francs; heats, 2 miles.

For the King's Cup, for all ages and countries; heats, 2 miles, the return was—

The Society of Vervetoise's *Wavrer* 1 2 1
Lord H. Seymour's *Moralto* 4 3 2
Mr. Bryan's *Soldier* 3 1 3
Mr. Cockerill's *Amelia* ..... 2 dis
Count Duval's *Rebecca* ..... 5 4 dr

The two first heats won easily—the last a contest.

Count Duval's Delphini won a prize of 3000 francs, for Belgian horses, 3 miles, beating Erivan, Coriolanus, and Spinette

Bay Middleton is not in the Doncaster St. Leger betting—because he was not entered for that race. A fine portrait of this horse, by C. Hancock, has been engraved in aquatint, and published by Ackermann, of Regent-street, London, (the Sporting Gallery):—the drawing is fine, correct, and spirited, showing the points of one of the best horses that ever *glanced* over a T. Y. C. The sporting prints of which this is one, are admirably got up: they are colored, and very thoroughly varnished, the combined effect being to give them all the brilliancy and force of finished oil paintings. Bay Middleton is one of the most promising horses in England, and, when he fills, will be one of the handsomest.

The Sea-serpent and such odd stories, in the American papers, have excited so much mirth in England, that any Munchausen tale (even of home production) is now yclept "A Jonathanism." Here is one, however, from John Bull's undoubted mintage, which equals the *Sea-sarpint*. It appeared in the last number of the *Plymouth Chronicle*. You can give it as much or as little credence as you think fit:—"As a man was driving a cart, loaded with lime, from the kiln near Deadman's Bay, to Coxside, the lime set fire to the cart. The man to save his property, with great promptitude tilted the lime into the road, and hastened back to the beach at Deadman's Bay, where he drove his horse into the water and extinguished the flames, but the cart coming in contact with a heap of stones lying under water, turned over, and precipitated the driver into the sea. A man and boy seeing the accident, instantly put off in an old leaky boat, standing on the shore; but when they arrived on the spot, the driver had just sunk for the third time. Neither of the parties could swim, but the man in the boat seeing the body about three feet under water, with great presence of mind fixed his legs under the thwart, and by throwing his arms and shoulders over, succeeded in catching the poor fellow by the hair of the head, and held him on while the boy sculled on shore, the boat by this time being nearly full of water. Meanwhile the horse, in his alarm, had made seaward with the cart, and he was given up for lost, when, strange as it may appear, another horse standing on the beach, with harness on, who had been attentively surveying the scene, plunged into the water, and made after his friend in distress, whom he soon overtook, *and applying his mouth to the affrighted animal's ears, he seemed to whisper something*; he then turned about, neighing loudly to encourage his companion, when the latter also turned and followed his gallant leader to the beach, where they both arrived in safety." It is to be hoped that the Humane Society will vote a gold medal to the horse, *for saving the life of his fellow creature.*

A very dangerous influenza or glanders is prevalent among the South country horses. It has shown itself to a very alarming extent in Lord Egremont's breeding establishment at Petworth; two stallions have died, and some of the young stock are so bad as to leave no chance of recovery. The complaint is spreading throughout the stud. *Nonsense* was slightly affected, but has recovered. A species of influenza has been frightfully destructive in several coach and posting yards latterly.

Jem Burns has got a letter from America, from Deaf Burke, enclosing £10 for his father, and praising the Americans. He says that for *his* part, he has not *seen* much temperance, although it is much talked of. He announces that he is on the look out for a customer, if he can get one, as some English *cocks* have promised to *fork out* £500 to back him!

STILL LATER.

LIVERPOOL, August 3.

The packet (the Hibernia) is detained, and I bring down my advices to the last moment.

Tattersall's, London, Monday, Aug. 1st. The room was fully attended for several hours, and business, independent of a heavy settling on Goodwood races, brisk and full of interest. Gladiator was backed at one time at 5 to 1, but subsequently declined to 6 to 1 offered. Wedge took his place, and had plenty of friends, 11 to 2 having been taken at the close, and offers made to go on. Redshank was backed freely at 7 to 1, and several bets taken about Vulture and Trapball at 8 and 9 to 1, which odds were currently offered at the finish. Elis was barely mentioned, and nothing done about Beeswing. Bro. to St. Giles was backed as low as 16 to 1, and 8 to 1 offered against him and his companion Carew (bro to Bamfylde). 2,000 to 15, 1,000 to 10, and finally 50 to 1 taken about Eberston. A few engagements were also made on the Derby. The betting closed as follows:—

Brighton Stakes, p.p. (to-morrow.—Offers to take 5 to 4 about Venison, and 5 to 4 betted on him, and Bamfylde against the field. It is supposed that the following will run:—Luck's All, Amesbury, Felix, Venison, Hock, Partner, Pussy, and Bamfylde. Knobstick and Rowisa are not expected to go for it.

ST. LEGER.—5 to 1 agst Hon. Col. Westenra's Wedge (take 11 to 2); 6 to 1 agst Lord Wilton's Gladiator; 7 to 1 agst Mr. Bird's Redshank, (taken); 8 to 1 agst bro to St. Giles and Bamfylde; 9 to 1 agst Hon. Mr. Mostyn's Trapball; 12 to 1 agst Mr. Ord's Beeswing; 14 to 1 agst Lord Lichfield's Elis, (no backers); 16 to 1 agst Mr. Ridsdale's bro to St. Goles, (taken); 16 to 1 agst the Duke of Cleveland's Matilda colt, (taken); 30 to 1 agst Mr. Osbaldeston's Eberston; 300 even on Wedge, and the same on Redshank agst Gladiator in one bet: 5 to 4 on the field agst Wedge, Redshank, and Vulture, (taken); and 6 to 5 on Wedge, Gladiator, Redshank, and Trapball agst the field, (taken); 8 to 5 offered agst Scott's stable.

DERBY.—10 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's bro to Bay Middleton, (taken); 15 to 1 agst Mr. Sadler's Defender, (taken); 16 to 1 agst Capt. Gardner's Phantasima colt, (taken).

Mr. Kirkman has gone to York, to attend on the sale of Ridsdale's stud. If there be any thing worth buying he will have it.

Hackett has made a hit, the night before last, at the Haymarket theatre, as Colonel Wildfire, in Bernard's farce, *the Kentuckian*. He will remain but a short time in London: acts no where else, save Liverpool, and sails hence for New York on September 1.

Keeley and his wife go to New York by this packet.

The sporting world is beginning to be alive. Bay Middleton *is not* entered for the St. Leger.

The foreign journals announce that an Englishman has lately arrived at Wurzburg, (in Bavaria,) with the intention of purchasing 1,500 live foxes, to convey them to England. He is said to have received this commission from some lovers of the chase in his country.

The stewards elect of the Liverpool Aintree Meeting for 1837, are Lord Robert Grosvenor and John Bowes, Esq., M. P.

RIDING TO HOUNDS.

BY NIMROD.

Having mentioned what I have found to be the best method of getting horses over brooks, I now come to point out the best way of getting them *out of them*, when they are so unfortunate as to get in; and which is always a troublesome and often difficult task. When a horse of my own was pulled out of the river Cherwell, the cheek of the snaffle bit was forced through his under jaw, so that he could only eat bruised corn for the rest of the season. This was from want of better management. Two seasons back I got a horse into a brook in Staffordshire, the bottom of which was so bad that he was unable to keep on his feet. His head was the only part above water, and one more struggle would have drowned him. By the direction, however, of some old sportsmen who were present, a quantity of stirrup-leathers were buckled together, one of which was secured around his neck, and he was pulled out by his head, and thus his life was preserved.

In leaping a wide brook, a horse must spring a certain height, or the joint weight of himself and his rider would bring him soon to the ground. The momentum, however, has a good deal to do with it; for which reason a man should always ride at a brook at a quick pace, holding his horse fast by the head, sticking the needles well into his sides, and never letting him see till he comes to it.

Standing leapers—that is, horses which will only leap standing—are now almost exploded, and are very unfit for brook-jumping. It must, indeed, require no small degree of nerve to ride one of this description over a good deep brook with hollow banks. Some years since Mr. Robert Canning bought a very magnificent horse, called Parnassus, from the Earl of Stamford, who, though he leaped a fence or two flying on the day he bought him, would always stand at them afterwards—probably to be accounted for by his not liking seventeen stone on his back; and also, perhaps, the result of a little of that reasoning faculty which the poet I alluded to has allowed to these noble animals. It was astonishing, however, what brooks Mr. Canning could get this horse over; but the world is not peopled with such riders as him, and standing jumpers are, generally speaking, bad articles for fox-hunters.

There is one method of riding to hounds most essential to getting across enclosed countries, which the Melton men call 'screwing.' This consists in forcing a horse through rough places, without suffering him to jump—at least, not more than sufficient to clear the ditch, if there be one. Two things are requisite here—a fine hand in the rider and a disregard of being pricked in the horse. It is on the latter account that thoroughbred horses so often fail in making good hunters, as not one in twenty will bear pressing against strong thorns, in consequence of their skins being so thin. With men in the habit of riding to hounds, being thrown off a horse, unless the horse fall, is the last thing they dream of; but I was the other day, in trying to screw a thorough-bred one through a thick place out of a covert in Surrey. He took a sudden spring in the air from the place where he stood, trying to clear the highest twig in the fence; and being very powerful in his hips, the lash of his hind legs all but unhorsed me. It accounted for my having seen him throw a groom over his head a few days before at two trifling fences in succession.

Without screwing and creeping, however, no man can be sure of getting over all kinds of countries. The former is most particularly useful in Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and Warwickshire, where the quick is not plashed down; and creeping is a *sine qua non in* Staffordshire, Salopshire, Cheshire, and all those countries where the hedge is put on the bank or cop. Were horses to take these fences flying, it is next to impossible that they could live very long with hounds. Creeping adds also very much to the safety of the rider; for if a horse take time to get on the bank, and will stick his under feet firmly into it before he springs, he will have it in his power to clear a ditch however broad; and I understand this is the way in which the Essex hunters are trained to get across that deeply-ditched country.

It may be said, that when a horse is creeping, hounds are getting away from him. This, I admit, would be the case were he to creep at all sorts of fences; but it is only at such as are not to be leaped flying, without distress to himself and danger to his rider, that such a method of fencing is to be recommended. It must be recollected, that when a horse is creeping, he is getting a puff at the same time, which will enable his rider to take a liberty with him, which he could not otherwise have done, by putting him along merrily over the next field.

When horses are perfect to their business, and time will allow, they cannot be ridden too slow at most sorts of fences, as the shock to the frame in alighting on the ground must be, in great measure, proportioned to the velocity with which they go at them. There is, however, a just mean to be observed, and a good deal of judgment to be used at some fences. For instance, when riding at stiles, little more is to be done than giving a hunter to understand that he is to go at them, and if 'the puff' is not out of him, and he is a good timber leaper, they are nearly as safe as any other stiff fences that a man rides at—provided, I should observe, there are no awkward foot bridges or planks on either side of them. At gates a different method of riding is necessary; a horse should always be put briskly at a gate, for two reasons—one, because it distinguishes between riding at it with the intention of leaping it, and going up to it to open it; and the other, because, if he do not clear it, he is more likely to break it. I remember seeing a celebrated hard rider, who hunts his own hounds, have a fall over one gate and break two more in the course of the same run, and I was convinced that all the mistakes were to be attributed to the quiet manner in which he rode at them. His horse did not appear to be satisfied whether he were to go at them or not, till he came close to them, and then he could not command them with more than fourteen stone on his back. When riding at park paling, or any other fence that is not familiar to him, and therefore in some degree appalling, a considerable share of resolution should be displayed by the rider to induce his horse to face it. He should take fast hold of his head, ramming his spurs well into him, at the same time giving him a stroke or two down the shoulders with his whip, as much as to say 'it is no use to refuse.'

I am an advocate for riding rather fast at most timber fences, as being less dangerous to the rider in case of a fall. As to myself, I have, of course, had many falls over timber, but I never had a horse fall on me, which I attribute to generally riding briskly at it. In doing so, if a horse hit it so as to bring him down, his rider gets what is called 'a purl.' On the other hand, when riding slow at it, if the horse is suffered to stop and half refuse it (if I may be allowed such an expression), the odds are much in favor of his quietly landing his rider on the other side, and then quietly falling upon him, and perhaps giving him his quietus for ever.

Taking the aggregate of countries, I will be bold to assert, that one half the accidents in riding to hounds are to be attributed to some awkwardness in the rider; and in some particular ones which I could name, it is next to miraculous that they do not more frequently occur. A short time since I heard that a well-known owner of a horse-repository in the metropolis had had a dreaful fall over a stile with the Hatfield hounds, and there was little hope of his recovery. 'My life for it,' said I, 'that was some awkward trick or other!' Upon inquiry, I found it was occasioned thus:—Forgetting old Dick Knight's advice to my Lord Spencer, he rode up to the stile to see how he liked it, and in the act of 'craning' to peep at the other side of it, his spurs ran into his horse: the horse made a spring, chucked his rider over the stile, and then tumbled on the top of him.

Now had this good citizen lost his life by this pantomimic exhibition, and I had been the foreman of his inquest, do not for a moment imagine that to either horses, hounds, or hunting, should this melancholy catastrophe have been attributed. No: there should have been no 'Accidental Death'—no deodand on the horse—for I should have depicted it as one of the clearest and best-defined cases of '*felo de se*.' Had he ridden his horse like a workman at the stile, all, no doubt would have been well, and he might have amused himself with looking at it some other time.

My experience has taught me that many falls over timber arise from horses not having a catch to their shoes. I have for many years insisted on the necessity of the outer heel of the fore, as well as the hinder, shoes being turned up for hunters that are to be ridden over a country; for if a horse stops at a fence of this description, and his legs all get together under his fore parts, his power of springing from the ground is destroyed. As to the injury which many people apprehend from the fore feet not having in this case an equal bearing on the ground, I confess I was never able to trace any to this cause, with horses that have been properly shod in other respects; for during the winter months, when either on the road or in the field, the 'turned-up' heel, as it is called, will always sufficiently indent the ground to produce an equal bearing to the foot. With respect to the danger of a horse over-reaching, and catching the heel of the fore shoe in the inner edge of the hinder one, it is entirely to be obviated by having that edge bevilled down, and made blunt, as I have before directed. Without this precaution, accidents of this nature have occurred; and in a particular instance in Surry, a few years ago, the shoes were obliged to be taken off the horse of a gentleman's huntsman, by a blacksmith, before he could be released from his perilous situation. Fortunately, his rider escaped injury: but such falls must be doubly hazardous from the suddenness with which the animal must come down.

The advantage of what is called 'a catch' to the outside heel is very great in riding at timber, and most particularly so at stiles on greasy foot-paths—sometimes rendered doubly so by a frosty morning succeeded by a mid-day sun.—Horses will often make a pause at common stiles; but if there happen to be a foot-bridge on either side of them, they are still more apt to do so, and, for the reasons I have before given, falls are too often the consequence.

Putting leaping out of the question, with some horses a catch to all the four shoes is of great advantage in galloping across a wet country. None but those who, like myself, have been accustomed to ride all sorts of horses with hounds, know the difference there is in the firmness with which some of them take hold of the ground, in all their paces, when compared with others. Some have what grooms call '*a slathering* way of going,' which is tiresome to themselves, as well as most unpleasant to their rider; to them such a catch to the shoe is almost necessary, to make them either safe or agreeable, setting fencing, as I observed, quite out of the question. I remember a few years since going to look at a horse in Worcestershire, that had been winning some hunters stakes in a canter, and which was recommended to me as likely to make a first-rate Leicestershire hunter. On trying him I found he slipped about in his slow paces to such a degree that I immediately dismounted him, and gave up all thought of purchasing him. This partly arose from too long a stride, and partly from a peculiar method of putting down the foot, from the shoulder.

Exclusive of brooks and timber, there is another sort of fence that should be ridden at quickly, and that is, a bushy or 'blackbird' fence, as it is called, being a live white-thorn hedge, not plashed, but with a strong suspicion of a wide ditch on the other side, and 'no time allowed,' as the coachmen say, for looking at it. This is termed '*swishing at a rasper*;' and the only chance a man has of getting a horse to extend himself sufficiently over it at all, and to 'come well into the next field,' is to put him three-parts-speed at it, and trust to the *momentum* for getting over it. It was precisely at a fence of this description that I witnessed the accident two years ago to Mr. Osbaldeston in Leicestershire. The horse he rode (Cervantes) was a particular high leaper, but apt to drop short on the other side, which was the case in this instance, and where the *momentum* was more particularly rendered necessary.

I never see the word '*momentum*' but it brings to my recollection an anecdote of an old friend of mine—a Fellow of a college, and a good fellow too—who was used to amuse me much by talking philosophically and mathematically on riding to hounds—the words *momentum vis vivida* and *impetus*, being for ever on his tongue. With the nerves of a bull-dog, and no mean opinion of his prowess, he was in the habit of purchasing horses, which, from natural or acquired defects, had failed of making hunters in the hands of others. His idea was, that if Nature had unfortunately intended such brutes to carry themselves in all forms but the right, that intention could be obviated by the means of mechanical force. To effect this, all sorts of trappings were resorted to; and it was really alarming to men with any nerves at all to see him sailing across a country with the *momentum vis vivida*, and *impetus*, all in full operation, on horses with mouths, like the heart of oak, but with their heads confined with a strong canvass-martingal. On one occasion a most ludicrous accident occurred. This gentleman was out with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds in Oxfordshire, on a horse thus accoutred, when the cavession he was riding in fortunately gave way. As may be expected, having no further power over the brute, away went the philosopher, like a ship at sea without a rudder, and, as ill luck would have it, the *momentum*, the *vis vivida* and the *impetus* all formed their nucleus in the person of an unfortunate butcher on his pony, who was going quietly along a road; and the two riders and their horses were laid prostrate on the ground. The breath, as may be supposed, was knocked out of each: but the butcher first came to himself, and looking at his opponent, whom he had not previously seen, was heard to sigh out in the true language of a slaughter-house, 'D—n your eyes—but you've killed me, by G—d!'

During my visit to Surrey, I saw some horses tackled in curious ways—in ways which I had never before seen, and which would preclude the possibility of their getting across a country, taking all kind of fences as they came. In two instances, I observed the head confined to the saddle by bearing-reins, in the same manner as a postillion sometimes bears up the horse he rides, to save himself the trouble of holding up his head. One of these gentlemen I had never seen before: but the other was the well-known Mr. Dickenson, a sportsman of some standing in Surrey, and an occasional performer in Leicestershire.

Much of the pleasure and safety of the rider depends on the position of the horse's head; and I have good reason to think that the great importance of the head being at liberty in enabling a horse to struggle out of a scrape, is not sufficiently known or considered of, but it is obvious to any one who will bestow upon it a few minutes' reflection, or who will watch the motions of the animal in a state of nature. A plank placed in equilibrium cannot rise at one end till it sinks at the other; neither can a horse get his hinder parts over a very high fence when his head is in the air. If he carries it too low, he is equally unpleasant, but less dangerous. To carry it where it should be must depend on the mould he is cast in.

What has been said of good writing may be applied to good riding—'it is a fine art, and known only to a few'—

'The chosen few alone the sport enjoy.'

Did this assertion require proof, it would soon be found, not only on the race-course, but in the field. Look at the small number of first-rate riders of a race, and the comparatively small list of the *elite* when hounds run hard! 'How are you, Bruen?' said Lindo one morning in my presence, before three hundred sportsmen assembled at a favorite covert in Leicestershire: 'Never better!' replied Bruen:* 'a very large field to-day!!'—'So much the better!' said Lindo: 'only let 'em go, and it will soon be small enough!' These words savored a little of that 'saucy passion' to which Fielding has given a name; but which generally accompanies a conscious pre-eminence over other men; and if ever to be allowed in the field, must be excusable in such riders as Mr. Lindo.

Having mentioned the name of Lindo, the seat on the horse presents itself to my mind. Most persons are acquainted with his; for if they have not seen him ride over a country in the morning, they have seen him 'going a slapping pace' on a snuff-box in the evening. The artist has hit him off to a nicety; and every man who is a judge must allow that he looks like *a workman*. He has got his horse fast by the head, with a firm and steady hand, and, at the pace he is supposed to be going, he must receive no small advantage from the assistance he is giving him, by standing up in his stirrups, and thereby throwing his weight on that part of his horse's body most able to bear it.

With respect to the general propriety of standing up in the stirrups when hounds run hard, circumstances must be consulted. With men like Lindo—born to ride—no doubt can arise as to the advantage of it; but with heavy, long-legged riders, it is better to sit quietly down in the saddle, particularly over ridge and furrow, when it would be next to impossible for them to be quite steady in their stirrups. It is my decided opinion, however, that a hunter's head should never be loose, but that over all sorts of ground when going a good pace he should have some support from the hand.

None but those who have had much experience in riding to hounds know how much a horse is to be recovered in the middle of a run by a little good management. Let a hunter be never so fit to go, it is possible to blow him; and when he has been going for some time in deep ground, his wind naturally fails him to a greater or less degree, and he becomes weak. If his rider can get him out of this deep ground, even if he goes a little out of his line for it, on to some that is quite sound, and, standing up in his stirrups, will take a good pull at his head, he will recover himself wonderfully in a few hundred yards, although he may not be allowed to slacken his pace at all. This also proves beyond all doubt the good effect of holding a horse together with a firm steady hand.

The most masterly instance of the use of a good *head* in assisting a horse over a country, in the way which I have been describing, that ever came under my observation, was in that accomplished horseman, Sir Henry Peyton. We were running a fox very hard with Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds, and we had a deep fallow field to encounter. Sir Henry espied a dry ditch running parallel with it; and not regarding a few thorns and brambles, he rode up it, and when he came to the top of the field, his horse had an evident advantage over the rest. This might be called a second 'trick.'

The greatest trial of nerve, next to being shot at, is putting a horse that is blown at stiff and high timber. His rider is not only likely to get a fall, but a fall of the worst description, as it is ten to one but the horse not only tumbles upon him, from not having the power to rise [perhaps half the height of the fence], but that he lies upon him when he is down. I remember once asking a huntsman how his horse carried him—suspecting him to be one of the wrong sort—when he answered, that he was a dunghill brute, and not content with tumbling him down, 'but,' added he, 'he lies on me for half an hour when he is down.'

A little management, however, is useful in all these matters. The mere act of turning a hunter around, if he appears much distressed for wind, before we put him at a fence, will relieve him greatly, and generally enable him to clear it, if he is of the right sort to come again.

Large fences take a great deal out of a hunter, and consequently tend to stop him; but it is the pace that 'kills.' A celebrated Meltonian wrote to his father a few days since, and this was part of his epistle:—'We had a quick thing last week, *eight miles, point blank, in twenty-six minutes!* If I had not had a second horse posted [luckily] half way, I could not have seen it.' So much for pace! Concluding that the run was not quite straight, it was at the rate of twenty miles in the hour! This reminds me of an amusing anecdote.

A *great* man in Leicestershire sold a horse to a *little* man, assuring him that he was a very good hunter. The little man, however, soon found out that he was a very bad hunter, and remonstrated with the great man on the subject.—'You assured me,' said he, 'this was *as good a horse as you ever possessed in your life*.'—'Did I?' replied the great man: 'I think, Sir, you must be mistaken.' On his being re-assured that those were his precise words, he exclaimed, 'Oh! now, Sir, I recollect all about it. I told you he was a very good hunter; and *so he is if you let him go his own pace*; but when I wanted him to go mine, he did not exactly suit me.' This is a common case. Depend upon it, though time is slow, it is the pace that kills.

Accounts of no less than three different persons having met with ther deaths in hunting, *all in one day*, have recently been presented to the public view: the first with the Oakley, the second with Lord Darlington's, and the third with the Hurworth fox-hounds;† and what is as singular as it is lamentable, each was occasioned by a noble effort to get to hounds, regardless of the appalling obstacle of a dangerous and devouring element, in which these gallant sportsmen found a watery grave. To such a pitch, however, has the system of riding to hounds now arrived, that the chances of life and death are but a feather in the scale when opposed to the determination of a modern fox hunter 'to see the thing,' and 'to be in a good place.'

It is too true that without danger there is no glory. Nevertheless, much as I may be an advocate for making every possible effort to get to hounds, yet we should not altogether despise the old saving clause—that, *sometimes*, discretion is the better part of valor; for, to say nothing of the individual who loses his life, the heart rending bewailings of those who have to lament the loss of it, in a parent, husband, brother, or son, are much too great to be thus rashly hazarded for the mere gratification of a passion, however noble it may be, when attended with much [probable] fearful consequences. In one case now alluded to, a father perishes in the presence of his son: in another, a husband leaves a widow with eight children, and pregnant with the ninth: and the third appears to have been an only child, born to all the pleasures of life, and highly qualified for the enjoyment of them.

Much, I repeat, as I admire the man who rides gallantly across a country, yet it is useless to attempt impossibilities; and among these I have no hesitation in *generally* classing the getting across deep and rapid streams, with a horse perhaps blown at the time, unless the rider be not only an expert swimmer, but also unless he is in the habit of swimming horses, and swimming with his clothes on. Mr. Theakston, it is evident, was a swimmer, but there is every reason to believe that the weight of his clothes sank him at last; and in the moment of alarm, he had not the presence of mind to relieve himself by floating on his back, or by any of those expedients which expert swimmers have recourse to when they find themselves exhausted. Perhaps, however, situated as he was, these expedients would not have availed him; for, taking into consideration that the clothes a man wears when hunting cannot be estimated at less than ten pounds when dry, it may be fairly concluded that when wet, with the addition of water in the boots, pockets, &c., this weight must be more than doubled. Conceive, then, a man swimming, perhaps in dead water, with more than twenty-four pounds dead weight hanging about him, all verging to the bottom, and opposing his efforts to sustain himself on the surface!

On reading this calamitous account over again, I see much reason to suppose that the free use of the horse's head when in difficulty, and which I have already so much dwelt upon, was denied to him in this fatal instance; and to it, perhaps, may the melancholy catastrophe be attributed. 'His horse,' says the writer of the paragraph in the *Hull Advertiser*, 'a powerful and spirited animal, swam with him into the middle of the river, when *getting impatient, he reared and threw his rider backward*.' Now there is every reason to believe, that had Mr. Theakston left the horse to himself, holding on by the mane and only directing his course when necessary with the snaffle rein, he would have been borne in safety across the stream.

I speak from practical observation on this subject. When at a watering-place in Wales, I was in the habit of having my horse swum in the sea by a man who was in the constant practice of swimming them for a very trifling consideration. He was himself a very expert swimmer, and regularly attended the bathing machines. From this man I learnt, that there were only three things to be observed in swimming a horse—first, to give him free use of his head: secondly, to hold on by the mane; and, lastly, taking the feet out of the stirrups, to lean the body obliquely forward as much as possible, which will cause the water to get under it and float it, and thereby diminish the weight of it on the horse. It was the opinion of this person, that a horse would swim nearly as far with a man on his back, who was thus expert at the management of him, as he would without him.

There is a small arm of sea, about a mile wider at high water, which divides the northern and southern principalities of Wales, a gentleman of some property in that neighborhood, was crossing it a few years ago as the tide was running out with great rapidity, when his horse leaped overboard, and was carried out to sea, over the bar. Mr. E. never expected to see him again; but he recovered the shore between that place and the village of Towyn in Merionethshire, after swimming more than two miles. Another gentleman swam a small Welsh galloway across this ferry with perfect safety; and happening to be in that country at the time, I saw him in half an hour after he had done it. So much for the power of horses in water!

When I was about eighteen years of age, I had a narrow escape from being drowned with Mr. Leech's hounds. The hounds crossed the river Dee—naturally a very rapid river, but then increased by the rains. Sir Watkin Wynn, who [as well as his two brothers] is like a duck in the water, went first, and was followed by about six out of the field. 'Half venturing, half shrinking,' I went a little way into the stream, and came back again. Being the hounds hitting off their fox on the other side, I made a second attempt; and being mounted on a mare of Sir Watkin's, called *Thetis*, and trusting to her *genii* to preserve me, I made a second attempt, and was carried down the stream among some huge stones. Not being able to swim, I gave myself up for lost; but the resolution of the mare, and my holding on by the mane, enabled her to regain the opposite bank, and I have never tried such an aquatic excursion since. A man may attempt the Hellespont for a woman; but, on cooler reflection, he is scarcely justified in running such risks of his life for a fox.

* Colonel Bruen, M.P. for Carlow, one of the hardest riders of his day, and one of the leading characters on the Irish turf

† John Edwards, Esq. of Silsoe, Bedfordshire, was out with the Oakley hounds, when, in attempting to cross a ford at a place called Newton, in Buckinghamshire, nearly opposite to Brayfield House, the seat of Major Farrer, and which had previously been passed by many of the sportsmen in perfect safety, he, with several other gentlemen who were not acquainted with the proper course they ought to have followed, took a wrong direction, when all of them flounced headlong into deep water. Mr. E. who was on a very spirited horse, unhappily lost his seat, but still kept fast hold of the bridle; and it is supposed, in his exertion to save himself that the animal, whilst struggling and plunging in the water, struck him on the head with his fore feet which stunned him, through which accident he sank, and was drowned. His companions with great difficulty escaped with their lives, and all the horses were rescued.—Mr. Walbram, of Baidersby, was crossing the river Ure with Lord Darlington's hounds, near Stainley, when, unable to stem the force of the current, he was carried out of his depth and drowned. His son had nearly shared the same fate in endeavoring to save his father.—The Rev. Marmaduke Theakston, in the ardor of the chase with the Hurworth hounds, was tempted to cross the river Tees at a ford near Worsall. The water was deeper than usual, owing to previous rains and he unfortunately mistook the ford. His horse, a powerful and spirited animal, swam with him into the middle of the river, when, getting impatient, he reared and threw his rider backwards. Mr. Theakston was then observed to swim (apparently strong and well), and several gentlemen who watched him with extreme anxiety had hopes he would reach the shore; but all at once, when within five yards of it, he sunk and never rose again.

MILITARY ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote connected with the battle of Orthes, relative to Lieut. Macpherson, whose heroism at Badajoz we have already recorded, will not be uninteresting. He was still a lieutenant at the period of ths battle of Orthes, attached to the light company o. the 45th foot. Just before the attack commenced, the regiment was drawn up in line, partly hidden by a kind of hedge or bank. The bugles had sounded the recall, and the light troops were hastening back to form in the rear. As the files opened to let them through some of the enemy's tirailleurs had followed them nearly up to the line, which made Macpherson anxious to see the whole of the men fall in before he himself retired. The skirmishing was still kept up as they fell back, and an occasional man fell on both sides, as these expert shots rapidly loaded as they moved, and then with deadly accuracy turned to stop the advance of their enemy. The gallant Macpherson, in his anxiety to do his duty, was left almost the last, when he was about to effect his own retreat; but just at this moment he perceived one of the enemy's sharpshooters, within about 20 yards, raising his piece to take a deliberate aim at him. This man had ventured thus far alone; for his comrades having come within range of the fire from the line, had commenced retiring.—Col. Macpherson's own description of his reflections are at the same time amusing and painful.

I saw the man, he observed, taking a deliberate aim at me. What to do I did not know. I could not get at him before he could fire; while to run would be equally useless—I should then be shot in the back; for I knew he was one of those picked men who never missed anything; in fact I could think of nothing else to do, but to stand fire. The fellow was a confounded long time taking his aim, as if determined to make sure of his mark; so put myself in an attitude, by presenting my right side to him, putting my arm straight down to cover me, and screw myself up as small as possible; but I can assure you I felt smaller than I looked, as I stood like a target, to be shot at by a fellow that could hit any one of my buttons that he pleased. At last, bang went his piece, and I felt in a moment he was right. I did not fall, but staggered a few paces backward, and then felt very much inclined to reach my soldiers, some of whom had seen the whole affair without being able to render me assistance. My right arm was rendered unserviceable, and I felt confident that the ball had entered my body; but I was uncertain whether or not it had found its way out. I staggered towards the line, but must have fallen, had not a brave fellow named Kelly, (an Irishman, and one of our crack shots,) seeing that I was hit, ran forward to support me. As soon as I felt his friendly grip round my body, I mustered fresh strength, although bleeding profusely both inside and out.

Kelly commenced a dialogue, observing, "by my sowl, sir, you're badly wounded sure." I felt very faint, but replied, "Yes, Kelly, I think so, feel if the ball is out." Kelly watched its course, and then placing his hand upon my loins, where it should have made its exit, exclaimed, "No, by my sowl, then it isn't, and you're spaking yet. But where's the man that did it?" Without, at the moment, any feeling of revenge towards him whom I then thought my destroyer, I pointed in the direction from whence he had fired, and there on the very same spot, stood this daring fellow, deliberately re-loading, to have another shot at my assistant or to finish me. But Kelly quitted hold of me for a moment, and I saw his unerring gun raised to his shoulder. The French soldier was unmoved. Kelly fired, and he fell dead.

The Colonel, in relating this incident, spoke with much regret of the fate of his gallant enemy.

Robinson's Life of General Picton.

The poet Carpini once asked his friend Haydn "how it happened that his church music was almost of an animating, and even gay description?" To this Haydn answered, "I cannot make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts which I feel—when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will easily be forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

An Omnibus "Down East."—At last this indispensable locomotive nuisance has got into New England. The Kennebec Augusta (Maine) Journal says:

March of Improvement.—The new omnibus now running between this town, Hallowell, and Gardiner, is quite a splendid affair. It is almost as large as a canal boat, as gay as an Indian queen, and is drawn by six horses. The proprietors will doubtless be well patronized; and they ought to be, for it is a great convenience.

A Floating Farm Yard.—The following sketch of a family, floating down the Ohio on a raft, is at once highly graphic and characteristic of our inland emigration.

"To-day we have passed two large rafts, lashed together, by which simple conveyance several families from New England were transporting themselves and their property to the land of promise in the western woods. Each raft was eighty or ninety feet long, with a small house erected on it, and on each was a stack of hay, round which several horses and cows were feeding, while the paraphernalia of a farm yard, the ploughs, wagons, pigs, children, and poultry, carelessly distributed, gave to the whole more the appearance of a permanent residence than of a caravan of adventurers seeking a home. A respectable looking old lady, with spectacles on her nose, was seated on a chair at the door of one of the cabins, employed in knitting; another female was at the wash-tub, the men were chewing their tobacco with as much complacency as if they had been in the land of steady habits; and the various avocations seemed to go on with the steadiness of clock work. In this manner our western emigrants travel at slight expense. They carry with them their own provisions; their raft floats with the current, and honest Jonathan, surrounded with his scolding, squalling, grunting, lowing, and neighing dependents, floats to the point proposed, without leaving his own fireside; and on his arrival there, may go on shore with his household, and commence business, with as little ceremony as a grave personage, who, on his marriage with a rich widow, said he had "nothing to do but walk in and hang up his hat."

Singular Affair.—A young lady, elegantly dressed, and wearing several articles of rich jewellery, was observed on Thursday morning by Mr. Rigger, gardener, (whose premises are situated between 3d Avenue and Kipp's Bay,) lying senseless in one of his cornfields. He immediately went to the Alms House, and gave notice of the affair to Mr. Stephens, who that gentleman and a physician promptly repaired to the spot, and found a fine looking girl, apparently about 20, nearly in the agonies of death. The Doctor concluded that she had been taking poison. The stomach pump was placed in requisition, and other immediate measures used, happily with the best effect, and she is now out of danger.

The young lady is daughter to one of our most respectable citizens, residing in the Bowery. She was to have been married on Thursday evening. Her lover and intended husband is a fine young man, and it was supposed, (and there is no reason yet to believe otherwise,) that the affection was reciprocal. She left home on Wednesday evening. Search was made in every direction for her, but in vain. The bridal hour came. It was a sad one for the inmates of that house. The bridegroom and the friends were there, but tears and lamentations absorbed the place of the anticipated joy. In the midst of the mourning the young lady was brought to the door, in a light wagon, she having told her name. The scene may be imagined. There is a mystery over the affair, and a secret in that young heart known but to God and herself. The fortunate discovery of her by Mr. R. only prevented her from perishing, which she must have done in a short time, and the cold and narrow coffin or tomb proving her bridal bed. Times of Saturday

Have you laid in your Coal?—"Thank heaven," said a young friend to us this morning, "I have got in my winter's coal." We looked in his face and laughed. We could not help it. He laughed too when he caught the idea. He was married only a fortnight ago, and talks as learnedly of the vexations of housekeeping, and as proudly too of his knowledge of how to save the pennies, as if he were a grandfather, and feasted forty at Christmas—which he will do one of these days, if he begins right. Now this business of getting in his winter's coal troubled him much, and we verily believe that his marriage night was not passed without a dream of Anthracite. He had been told that coal was *going to be* scarce—that he had better buy it now—before it rose—before the cold weather set in, &c. &c. Well, he bought it and paid for it to, and exclaimed, as Ike Downing did when he popt the question to Sal Stebbins and she said *No*, "thank heavens I've got that off my mind," and now struts about as proud as a hen with one chicken, telling all the world how economical he is. Well, we hope it may prove so, but we can't tell so far off. There is the same cry every year about this time, and wood and coal, and fuel of all kinds generally rises beyond its just value, because an artificial demand is created by the scarcity panic which prevails. This very year a report has been industriously circulated that a great and unusual scarcity of coal was to be apprehended this season, and housekeepers are paying, we expect, more than fair price for fuel already.

As to its scarcity, the Miner's Journal, the best authority on this subject, says that so far from falling short 200,000 tons as has been asserted, the whole supply will amount to 700,000 tons, exceeding the last year's supply by at least 150,000 tons. So much for the panic paragraphs in the newspapers. Boston Transcript.

The Ladies of Cuba.—The Correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer at Cuba, gives us the following interesting sketch;—Some of the ladies I met at Senora ——'s smoked their cigars; it is quite a custom here—but then, beauty presents an almost always successful excuse for any habit, especially when it is national. I fancied the dark speaking eyes of the Spanish fair glistened with a brighter lustre, yet a deeper and more mysterious meaning of love—as their beautiful owners enjoyed a delicious Havana of the "*los dos amigos*" brand; and verily, as volumes of blue smoke ascended from the well formed lips and mouth, enveloping for a moment their raven locks and handsome faces in a kind of phantom veil, they reminded me, as it cleared away, of the far-famed picture of "Venus rising from a cloud."

Between the puff, puff, puff, and spit, spit, spit, of these lovely women—I learned that ladies in Cuba do not lose their maiden names when they are married, but they usually "condescend" (that is the word!)—*condescend* to take the names of their husbands in addition to their own. For young or even middle-aged ladies to walk about without a male relative or protector, would be considered "quite shocking." The fair Spaniards, therefore, are seldom to be spoken with, except with the permission, or in the presence of their relations, or an old lady (duenna) friend of the family.

The laws are very severe in the event of seduction. A young Spanish Creole gentleman, of highly respectable family, is now absent as a voluntary exile from Havana on that account.—A young female of humbler condition in life than himself, having been betrayed by him, and her friends having brought an action, he is obliged, according to law, to marry her, give her a dowry, or be imprisoned. As the gay and false Lothario will not submit to either of these alternatives, he is travelling in the United States. The affair will probably be compromised by his father, who is wealthy, and who, it is said, would not object to his son's marriage with the "forsaken one."

Abolitionism.—Mr. Storrs, an abolitionist, attempted to deliver a lecture at Exeter, N. H., on Wednesday evening last, in the methodist chapel, but was prevented by the assemblage of a mob, who broke the windows of the church, and then drove the congregation from the house by discharging water upon them from an engine.

[They should have filled the engines with assafœtida; and hereafter, when such an opportunity offers, we hope they will regard our advice and do so.]

A Professed Cook.—She soon convinced her mistress of her capabilities, by asking one day about half an hour before dinner-time—"Missus, the carrots be done, shall I put in the beef?"

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—Spurzheim.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them. J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Regis ter in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,08. The money ($10 a copy should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.

a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

SAM JONES, FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Dock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N.B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River

Ward's Island, Aug 27, 1835 a 27

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range, and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence, Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the Sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a Register of the Turf. The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses, and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns.

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do not hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as sprited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us."

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES.
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM,
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c. &c.,

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books, Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and sprited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of [illegible] our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candor and impartiality, we shall give cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments devoted by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest orbs of the profession. With means adequate to the task we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be forward to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our column to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and reassure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood,	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood,	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Hows

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruikshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The New Series of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance) $5 00
For Six Months 2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines $3 00
Each subsequent insertion 0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836.

CUSTOM HOUSE HOTEL.

BY JAMES HORN, Jr., corner of Nassau and Pine streets, New York.

List of Wines, &c.

Madeira		*Champagne.*	
Howard, March, & Co. per bottle	$2 00	Chateau d'Ay, quarts	$2 00
Blackburn & Co. quarts	2 00	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 00	Heidsick, quarts	2 00
Old Cabbot, quarts	2 50	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 25	Oil de Petrix	2 00
No. 1 Brahmin, (1825), per bottle	3 00	Comet	2 00
Wanderer do.	4 00	Cross Bow, quarts	2 00
Sherry.		Do. pints	1 00
Pale, on draft, quarts	1 50	Anchor, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	75	Do. pints	1 00
Duff, Gordon & Co. quarts	2 00	Bacchus, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	1 00	Do. pints	1 00
Lobo's celebrated Pale, quarts	2 50	*Cordials.*	
Do. pints	1 50	Anisette	2 00
Brown Sherry, (Smith, Bailey & Co.)	2 00	Curaso	2 00
Port.		Marischeno	2 50
Smith, Woodhouse & Co. quarts	2 00	*Claret Wine.*	
Do. pints	1 00	Chateau Margaux, (1825) Lynch's	3 00
Lingham	2 50	Larose do. do.	2 50
Old, (bottled in Oporto) quarts	3 00	Palmer do. do.	2 00
Do. pints	1 50	St. Julien, (1834,)	1 00
Rhenish Wine.		Medoc	1 00
Moselle	2 00	Braun Mouton	1 00
Marcobronner	2 00	*Porter & Ale.*	
Hockheimer	2 00	Burton Ale, quarts	50
Johannesberger	3 00	Do. pints	25
Burgundy.		London Brown Stout, quarts	50
Chambertin	2 00	Do. pints	25
Pomard	2 00	Philadelphia Porter, quarts	25
Clos. de Vogout	00	Do. pints	12

Together with a great variety of other Wines, which may be had by the bottle or otherwise.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 301 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations, Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces; also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
301 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

jy 23

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 285 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DEWITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,		J. P. Bean.	

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner of such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

KILLINSWORTH, Con. June, 1836. HENRY STANNARD.
june 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them—it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. Hewitt & Co.'s Music Store, and at Atwill's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

New-York, June 28, 1836. HENRY WELLS, Principal.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836 july 2 tf

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols. Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.

a 6-6t. GEO. DEARBORN.

D. L. P. WHILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No. 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a6.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. On the 1st day will come off a
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside, *Hickory John*, vs. *Miss Medley*.
Alexandria, La.	Match, Mile heats, $10,000 aside and $5,500 inside stake; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Rapides Course, 15th Dec.
" "	Match, Three mile heats, $6,000 aside, $1,000 inside stake; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Rapides Course, 16th Dec.
Baltimore, Md.	Jockey Club, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match $[illegible] aside, c h c *Decatur* vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of spr. meeting, 1837.
Belfield, Va.	Fall meeting, second Tuesday, 12th Sept.
Bath, Ky.	Jockey Club, Olympian Spring Course, last Thursday, 29th Sept.
Bean's Station, Ten.	Regular Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
Broad Rock, Va.	Jockey Club, Tree Hill Course, Ann. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, Sept 27.
Culpeper C. H. Va.	Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 13th of Sept.
Charlestown, Va.	Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, 4th Monday, 26th Sept. On the 1st day, a Match, $1000 a-side, —— heats, *Charles Scott*, vs. *Florinda*.
Camden, S. C.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
Columbus, Ga.	Jockey Club, Western Course, Ann. Fall meeting, 4th Monday, Oct. 24.
Centreville, L. I.	Near N. Y. City, *Trotting Course*, First Fall meeting, last week in Sept. Particulars in full in our next.
Danville, Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Diamond Grove, Il.	Jockey Club, Jacksonville Course, 3d Wednesday, 21st Sept.
Franklin, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
Florence, Ala.	Jockey Club, 4th Monday, 24th Oct.
Frankfort, Ky.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 28th Sept.
Fairfield, Va.	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, 1st day, $5000 aside, 4 m. hts. *Admiral* vs. *Margaret Armistead*.
" "	Match, 2d day, $1000 aside, 2 m. hts. Ch. c. vs. B. f., both by Sir Charles.
Frederick City, Md.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept.
Gallatin, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept.
Gallatin, Ala.	Lowndes Co. Ann. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday in Nov.
Jackson, Tenn.	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
Kendall Course, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Oct.
Louisville, Ky.	Association, Oakland Course, First Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept. Second Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Angora* of Tenn., vs. *Rodolph* of Ky., 3d Wednesday, 21st Sept. Oakland Course.
Lynchburg, Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Lexington, Ky.	Oglethorpe Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Leonardtown, Md.	Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 27th Sept.
Moscow, Tenn.	Regular Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.	Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.
New York City	Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Natchez, Miss.	Ann. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $6,000 aside; *Prince Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 27th, 1837.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside; *John Minor* vs. *Sally Hope*; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific vs. Imp. b. c. by Longwaist; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $2000 a side; full br. to Naked Truth vs. Imp. f. by Muley; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $5000 a side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837. [Day and distance not declared.]
" "	Match, $2500 a-side, h. ft., Two mile heats, *Cassandra* vs. *Margery Greer*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
Nashville, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 27th Sept.
" "	Match. — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Norfolk, Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting 3d Monday, 19th Sept.
Newberry, S. C.	Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov., near Court House.
Oxford, N. C.	Wednesday, 19th Oct.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Jockey Club, Thursday, 29th Sept.
Prince Edward, Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept.
St. Louis, Mo.	Sweepstakes, [not the regular Club meeting], Friday, 16th Oct.
Tree Hill, Va.	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, Ann. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, 1st Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Tappahannock, Va.	Jockey Club, Mt. Clement Course, 3d Wednesday, 21st Sept.—1st day,
" "	Match, Three mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Robin Brown* vs. *Isaac Cline*.
Upper Marlboro, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct. On the 1st day, a
" "	Match, — heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Camilla*, vs. *Charles Magic*.
" "	Match, — heats, $300 aside, h. ft. *Partnership*, vs. *Sumpter*, Saturday, 8th Oct., last day of Fall meeting.
Washington, D. C.	National Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

CONSOL'S BANTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

E. H. Boardman proposes Stallion Post Stakes, two races of a $1000 each, P. P. for the get of the year 1836, to be run in the Fall of 1840, over the Nashville Course, the first, two miles out, the Saturday preceding the meeting, carrying 110 lbs; the other, 2 mile heats, weights agreeably to the rules of that course, and to come off the Saturday of said meeting; to be named by the 1st of Jan. 1837, and five or more to make a race; the get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* (tried stallions) to carry 5 lbs extra. The OWNERS of LEVIATHAN duly appreciate the compliment which, so far as they are apprised, has not heretofore been paid on this side the water, will nevertheless bring the get of *Leviathan* and their money to the post at the times and place proposed, and will allow the get of *Consol*, and other *untried* stallions, 5 lbs extra. JAMES JACKSON & Co.

Nashville, (Tenn.) Aug. 23, 1836.

Letter to the Editor dated Plaquemine, (La.) June 19, 1836.

Dear Sir,—You have been so polite as to make mention of my horse Zohrab in the Spirit of the Times.—Will you do me the favor to publish his pedigree in the condensed form recommended by you? [With great pleasure as a model, and to serve a spirited turfman.]

Zohrab, b. h. foaled spring of 1827, by Arab. Bagdad, dam by imp. Boaster—imp. Cœur de Lion—imp. Saitram—Wildair—Apollo—Mercury—imp. Jolly Roger. Property of Fred. H. Davis, Esq., Plaquemine, La.; stands at $15 and $25. Very respectfully, etc.

☞ "Lots" and "piles" of communications are crowded out this week, beside "oceans" of editorial matter. Mr. Wemyss shall have a hearing next week.

☞ We have received the report of the *Montreal Races* the 1st day, and in our next shall give the account in full.

The papers in Boston, Portland, Troy, Buffalo, and pretty much all over creation, are rife with "well-seasoned articles" relative to Horn's Custom House Hotel in this city. As *Horn* is not the man to blow his own *trumpet*, we are glad to see the intellectual capital of our contemporaries so capitally employed. If Horn's name does not "fill the speaking trumpet of future fame," we're *blow'd* to a certainty. His Reading Room contains all the city papers, and many from abroad, while its walls are covered with valuable oil paintings and elegantly colored engravings. And then his bars, his beds, and his refectory! They "beat the Dutch" *all to pieces*, as every body knows, for as Sheridan Knowles says, "not to know him is to be thyself unknown." The last, not least, improvement Horn has made in his premises, is the erection of an oyster stand, that quite "takes the rag off" from any thing about town. As Gen. Bennett's Tiger is expected to write an Epic poem on the subject of oysters in general, and Horn's in particular, we here cut short our paragraph by a short cut.

The *Belmont House*, at New Brighton, closed for the season on Thursday, after making "troops of friends" and well wishers, who look forward to its opening next Spring with unmingled pleasure. Under James Meara's immediate charge, it has acquired a popularity the most flattering, while as a fashionable summer resort for the elite of the beauty and fashion of New-York, Milford has made it everything they could wish, so that it is now to the cits of the Commercial Emporium, what Nahant is to the Bostonians.

☞ An advertisement of the Benefit of Mrs. Watson, at Niblo's, was received too late for insertion. No matter—a knowledge of the fact alone will secure *her* a benefit, and a good one. It takes place next Monday.

The New Orleans American of a recent date has the annexed paragraph in relation to the Italian Opera:—

Montressor is at the Havana, trying to get the theatre. Pedrotti is there.—A small party are playing at the Matanzas. There is no probability of the Italian Opera being in New York this season, for Ravaglia, De Rosa, Orlandi, Marozzi, and others, are at Louisville, Ky., where they will remain till December, then remove to the St. Charles theatre here, to be joined by the recruits from Italy—the corps des ballet and the additional orchestra—to be brought by Latham for the Proprietor.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland and as far south as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

To be run for 1839.

A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, foaled spring 1836. To be run spring 1839, mile heats, entrance $1,000, forfeit $250. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837. Now eight subscribers and more promised.

jy 23. [illegible] B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

NATIONAL THEATRE--MISS CLIFTON'S BENEFIT.

Miss CLIFTON begs to apprize her friends and the public that her benefit will take place at the National Theatre on WEDNESDAY NEXT, the 14th inst., when will be presented Shakspeare's comedy of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, and Moncrieff's operatic melo drama of THE SOMNAMBULIST. The parts of *Beatrice* and *Amina* by Miss CLIFTON, being her first appearance in comedy since her return from Europe. For particulars see small bills.

NEW YORK RACES, FIRST FALL MEETING, 1836.

Will commence 1st Tuesday in October next.

1st Day, Tuesday, October 4th.

A Sweepstakes, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. William Wynn, names, ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
2. I. S. Snedecor " produce of Turk's dam by Sir Lovell.
3. Samuel Laird " s. f. by Henry, dam Modesty.
4. Jno. C. Stevens " produce of Romp by Henry.
5. Ro. L. Stevens " produce of Lalla Rookh by Henry.

Same day, a Match, two mile heats, for $5000 a side, half forfeit, between the ch. c. Coronet, by Henry out of Medoc's dam, and ch. f. Fanti, by Henry, out of Janett, full sister to Sir Charles.

2d Day, Wednesday.

Purse, $300, two mile heats.

3d Day, Thursday.

Purse, $500, three mile heats.

Same day, Sweepstakes, two mile heats, entrance 300, half forfeit. Ten Subscribers

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Wilkes, names, b. c. by Henry, dam Ariel.
2. S. O. Jacobs " s. c. out of Transport, by Henry.
3. R. Tillotson " filly out of Polly Jones.
4. C. Green " Manhattan by Henry, dam Filho mare.
5. Wm. Wynn " ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam Isabella.
6. Jno. C. Stevens, " produce of Janette by Henry.
7. T. Pearsall " full brother to Alice Grey.
8. John C. Craig " c. by Eclipse, dam Betsey Archer.
9. Do. " produce of Arietta by Medley.
10. Jacob Van Dyke " gr. f. by Medley, dam Rosalinda.

4th Day, Friday.

Jockey Club Purse, $1000, four mile heats.

For the Second Meeting, Fall, 1836, the following Sweepstakes have been made—

Sweepstakes, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. B. B. Seaman names Dusty-foot, by Barefoot, out of Agnes.
2. R. F. Stockton " his colt Bergen.
3. Also " his colt Cumberland.
4. J. H. Vanmater " ch. c. African, by Valentine, dam by Marshal Bertrand.

Sweepstakes (for colts and fillies that never won a race—if five start, the second in the race to receive back stakes,) two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. L. Stevens names s. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
2. Robt. Tillotson " ch. c. Coronet, by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
3. I. S. Snedecor " Wilson's filly, by Henry, out of Di Vernon (Cadmus' dam).
4. J. Bathgate " c. by Henry, dam Sheley, a Bussorah mare.
5. Alex. L. Botts " ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Purity, (by Archy, out of Trifle's grandam.)
6. John C. Stevens " s. c. Sirocco, by Henry, out of Lady Jackson.
7. Also " ch. f. Fanti, by Henry, out of Janette.
8. Thos. Pearsall " c. by Talma, out of Dove.
9. Wm. Jones " ch. f. Fleet-foot, by Barefoot, out of Eleanor.
10. Jos. H. Vanmater " bl. f. Bonny Black, by Valentine, dam by Ratler.
11. Jas. S. Garrison " b. c. Stockton, by Eclipse, out of Iris, by Archy.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.
DAVID H. BRANCH.

New York, Sept. 10, 1836.

TRENTON RACES, EAGLE COURSE.

The First Fall meeting will commence on Tuesday, Sept. 20th, 1836.

First Day, at 12 o'clock, a Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, mile heats, entrance $300, four entries.

Capt. Stockton enters Bergen, g c, by Medley.
Joseph H. Vanmater enters c c by Monmouth Eclipse.
L. Hall enters Arbaces, c c, by Valentine.
Capt. Stockton enters Cumberland, br c, by Star.

Same day, at 3 o'clock, P. M. a Purse of $100, mile heats, free only for 3 year old colts and fillies that never won.

Second Day, at 12 o'clock, a purse of $200, mile heats.
Third Day, at 12 o'clock, Citizens' Purse, $500, three mile heats.
Fourth Day, at 12 o'clock, a purse of $300, two mile heats. s10

TROTTING PURSES, Eagle Course, Trenton.

On Wednesday, Sept. 21st, at 3 o'clock, P.M. a purse of $100, two mile heats, under the saddle, free only for horses that never won a match, nor purse over that amount.

On Thursday, at 3 o'clock, P.M. a purse of $200, two mile heats, in harness, free only for horses that never won a match nor purse over that amount.

On Friday, at 3 o'clock, P.M. Citizens' Purse, $200, mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle, free for all.

The trotting purses will be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Course, excluding winning horses from starting for a second purse.

Entries for all horses, except the first day, will close at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race or trot, at half-past 2, P.M.

In consequence of the early date at which the Races are to come off, the four mile race will be deferred until the *Second* meeting, which will commence on Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1836.

O. BAILEY, Secretary.

s10.

EXECUTORS SALE OF BLOODED STOCK.

After the Trotting on Thursday, over the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., the Stock of F. W. Camp, Esq. deceased, will be sold to the highest bidder. Pedigrees in full, and terms will be given at time of sale.

1. c. m. Flower, by Duroc, and foal by Monmouth Eclipse.
2. c. m. Ino, by Henry, and foal by do. do.
3. c. c. by Henry, foaled by Flower, 3 years old.
4. b. f. by Victory, foaled by Flower, 1 year old.

s10.

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB.

Fall Meeting, 1836, will commence, over the Norfolk and Portsmouth Course, on the third Monday in September, and continue three days.

FIRST DAY'S RACE.

A Sweepstakes for Colts and Fillies—three years old, spring of 1836—2 mile heats—$200 entrance, h. f., five subs. and closed 20th inst.

1. Col. Jas. M. Seldon, of Baltimore, names c c by Sussex, out of the dam of Nelly Webb.
2. N. Y. Oliver, Esq. of Washington City.
3. Messrs. Watts and Portlock, name b f by Timoleon, dam by Reputation.
4. Mr. James B. Kendall, of Baltimore, names b c by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
5. James S. Garrison names b f Virginia Fairfield, by Timoleon, dam by Virginian.

Second Race—Same day—A Silver Plate, valued at 500 dollars—two mile heats—the entrance money depending on the number of subscribers; the winner to take the Plate or the Stake at his option.

SECOND DAY.

First Race—Proprietor's Purse, $300, 2 mile heats, entrance 15 dollars.

Second Race—A Sweepstakes for Colts and Fillies, 3 years old, two mile heats, purse 300 dollars, entrance 100, h. f. to name and close 10th Sept, four or more to make a race. Entries to be addressed to the Proprietor, Norfolk.

THIRD DAY.

Ladies' Purse, 400 dollars, three mile heats, entrance $20.

FOURTH DAY.

Jockey Club Purse, $700, four mile heats, entrance $20.

FIFTH DAY.

Proprietors Purse, $100, mile heats, best three in five, entrance $10.

The above Purses are without discount, and free for any horse, mare or gelding.

The Proprietor will have in readiness, at the steam boat wharf, waggons and carts to carry the baggage of all race horses, to the Course, free of charge, by giving him due notice of the day each Stud is expected to arrive in the steam boats, and return the same. The course has been newly fitted up, and will be in fine order. The Proprietor has no hesitation in saying the fixtures of the course, for convenience for the Members and race horses, are not surpassed by any in the United States. The Purses, in amount, are larger than any other course in Virginia, and equal to any other now established. The Proprietor has fitted up a part of the Pavilion for the accommodation of Ladies. He hopes to have it well filled by their presence, who he particularly invites. The Rules of the Course will be rigidly enforced.

JAMES S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

There are three gentlemen north of the Potomac that have entered for the first Prize, who will bring with them three fine Studs, and other stables expected from the North, to meet Old Virginia on her own sod. The Proprietor will give them a hearty welcome and a *fair-field*, with a general invitation to owners of all the training stables in the United States, from the large number of fine horses now training. The Proprietor anticipates a visit from the Napoleon of the Turf, Col. Wm. R. Johnson, and his noble stud, with a host of brave competitors, Capt. John Heth, O. P. Hare, Richard Adams, Isham Pucket, Wm. Williamson, John M. Botts, Dr. Geo Goodwin, Major Doswell, Hec'r Davis, P. Hare, and Wm. L. White, Esq., to meet their Northern friends to contend for the Prizes to be run for over the Norfolk and Portsmouth Course, Fall meeting, 1836.

Norfolk, Aug. 29, 1836. J. S. G.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

A SWEEPSTAKES open to all trotting horses, three mile heats, under the saddle, subscription $500, h. ft., and $200 added by the proprietor, will be trotted for on the Centreville Trotting Course, about the 1st of October next. Three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 10th of September next, at 9 o'clock, P.M. Entries, half forfeit, to be made with the proprietor, at Randall Smith's, Park Row, 3d door above the Park Theatre. To be governed by the rules of the Course. JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

N. B. The sum of $200 will be paid by the Proprietor if two horses only shall start. Should all save one pay forfeit, then no addition will be made to the stakes by the Proprietor. J. C.

Centreville, L. I. Aug. 13, 1836. a 13.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

Shortly will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TRENTON EAGLE COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN FIRST FALL MEETING 1836,—20*th September*.—First Day.—For *all* colts 3 yrs. old—*two* mile heats—subscription $300 each—forfeit $100—four or more to make a Race, to name and close 1st Sept.

Second Day.—For three year old Colts—*that never won a race*—mile heats—subscription $300, each, forfeit $100, four or more to make a race, to close 1st September.

SECOND FALL MEETING.

First Day.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th October, Horses to be named at the Post.

Second Day.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close on Tuesday, (first day of the Races) at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by proprietors $100, four or more to make a race. O. BAILEY, *Sec'ry*.

Trenton, July 1, 1836.

TROTTING.

A SWEEPSTAKE will take place at the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., on the last day of the Second Fall Meeting, three miles and repeat, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses, (Edwin Forrest excepted). Entrance $500, $200 forfeit; three or more to make a field. To close and name at the Eagle Hotel, on the second day of the First Fall Meeting, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—To be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Trotting Course.

July 9, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. Boardman enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

James Jackson & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.

Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836. Sept. 10.

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tuesday in October.

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race.—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.

2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.

3. Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES are now open, to be run over this Course on the 1st Tuesday in September. First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies which have never before started; mile heats; $25 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the proprietor, and to name and close by the 1st of August; four or more to make a race; and, Second Day—A Stake, mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old; $50 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the Proprietor; four or more to make a race, and to name and close by the first of August. There will also be several Purses given at the same time as the above.

june 25 JAMES DAVISON, *Secretary*.

BOAT RACES.

THE undersigned, desirous of introducing in the City of Savannah, the interesting and beautiful amusement of Boat Racing, and being the proprietors of several Canoe Boats, built in the county of Camden, Ga., hereby respectfully invite the citizens of the State of South Carolina to meet them at Savannah, between the 25th day of December and 25th day of January next, for the purpose of testing the speed of their boats, on the following terms:

1st. They propose to run their four oared Canoe Boat "Lizzard," one straight mile in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any four oared Canoe Boat in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

2d. They propose to run their Canoe Boat, "The Goddess of Liberty," of six oars, one straight mile, in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any six oared Canoe Boat, built in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

Any gentleman desirous of accepting this invitation, will signify the same, by letter, to be addressed to both of the undersigned, within ninety days from this date.

The necessary arrangements for the races can be made after the invitation is accepted, by correspondence with the undersigned.

CHARLES R. FLOYD, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga.
HENRY DUBIGNON, Brunswick, Glynn County, Ga.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the boat of the *Ariel Club*, of Castle Garden, built by W. & E. De La Montaignie: is thirty feet keel, pulls seven oars, is sound and in complete order, and with oars, cushions, flag, etc. will be sold a bargain for $175.

For further information and examination of the boat, apply to

a 6-2t. JOHN W. GOULD, 71 Cedar-st.

A TRAINER WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED wishes to employ *immediately*, a competent Trainer. For such an one the *most liberal wages* will be given, by the month or season, besides a per centum on the winnings. He will have in training five or six nags of the most fashionable blood.

July 9, 1836. PHILIP WALLIS, Baltimore, Md.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.

2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.

3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.

4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.

5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.

6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.

7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,

july 2 Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

BLOODED HORSES.

I OFFER for sale a great variety of Breeding Stock, embracing some of the best brood mares in America, both native and imported, now in foal to the imported horse *Consol*. Also sundry Colts and Fillies, of different ages, embracing some of the favorite crosses on both sides of the Atlantic; they can be seen at the stock farm at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Madison County, North Alabama.

No. 1. Imported mare *Design*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1827, got by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens; she was a respectable racer; her foals also for sale. *Julia Tattersall*, a splendid bay filley, dropped in England in 1835, got by Windcliffe, by Whalebone. Also, her foal of the present year, dropped at the Mills. A chesnut colt, *B. Tattersall*, got by Acteon, at the Hampton Court Stud, with his engagements—Design stinted to Consol.

2. Imported mare, *Delight*, a bay, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1828, got by Reveller, out of Design's dam.—Delight was a capital race mare; her produce, 1835. A bay colt, *Little England*, got by Windcliffe as above, 1836, ch colt, by St. Patrick, winner of the St. Leger, and now in the Riddlesworth stud; both very promising.

3. Imported mare, *Sessions*, a brown, bred by Lord Egremont, in 1826, got by Wanderer, out of Centaur's dam, an Orville mare, out of the dam of Selim and Rubens. Also, her foal, *Egremont*, a bay colt, 1836, got by Lord Egremont's Nimrod, by Whalebone, out of Thalestris.

4. Imported mare, *Vamp*, a bay, bred by Lord Sligo, in 1827, got by Langar, out of Wire by Waxy, Whalebone and Whisker's dam. Langar was by Selim; Vamp lost her foal on the passage, and is now stinted to Consol—Vamp is of the true 4 mile stock.

5. Imported mare, *Gabriella*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Yates, in 1820, got by Partisan, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews, her dam Vanity, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick, by PotSos—Drab by Highflyer, Hebe, by Chrysolite—Proserpine, sister to Eclipse; Gabriella is a very fast mare, and stinted to Consol.

My native stock is, in part, very select.

6. *Sally Bell*, by old Archy; she is the dam of (Cathleen, sold) ch filley, 1835, and ch colt, 1836, all by Leviathan, large and fine.

7. *Cleopatra*, ch mare, bred in 1831, got by Bertrand, out of a Pacolet mare, grandam by imported Diomed, she has a ch colt at foot by Leviathan, and was stinted early to Consol.

8. Chesnut mare, by Sir Charles, out of a Bedford mare, colt foal at foot by Glenroy, and stinted early to Consol.

9. *Lithgow*, bay mare, by Revenge, he by Ball's Florizell, Diomed, &c., her dam by Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, imported Brilliant, her produce, 1833, bay colt by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Wild Bill, 1835, bay filley by Wild Bill, and now stinted to Consol.

10. *Jane*, bay mare, by Drone, out of a Blucher mare, by Durock, Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, &c. &c., her produce, 1833, bay filley by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Leviathan, 1835, brown colt, by Cock of the Rock, 1836, bay colt, by Count Badger, and stinted to Consol.

11. *Kate*, a bay mare, by Blucher, a son of Duroc, out of young Miller's Damsel, sister to American Eclipse; Kate's dam by Feather, out of an imported mare; Feather by Light Infantry, &c.—she has a filley foal at foot by Col. Camp's Whalebone, and stinted to Consol.

Not being engaged at present in a training stable, I offer for sale a capital son of Leviathan. Chesnut colt, *Tom Cringle*, foaled at the Mills 14th March, 1832, got by Leviathan, out of my old Archy mare, bred by Benjamin Jones, of Greensville, Virginia; her dam by imported Diomed, grandam by Wildair, (the grandam of Timoleon,) g. grandam by Driver, g. g. grandam by imported horse Fallow, out of a Vampire mare; he is a splendid horse, full of bone, and has all the requisites of a Turf horse, of the first order, and is now in exercise for the approaching fall races; he would be a valuable acquisition to any racing stable.

Bay Filley, dropped in 1834, got by Bertrand, out of a Topgallant mare. Grey Filley, dropped in 1835, got by Jerry, out of a mare by old Quicksilver; with sundry other colts and fillies, several of them engaged in important sweepstakes. Many gentlemen have been breeding for years without having the offer of such stock to breed from. As to the pedigree and performances, those that wish to examine can find the English Stud Book and Racing Calendars, and all the American Turf publications at the Mills.

Mares and foals when sold together, can be delivered when called for; mares sold without their foals now at foot, can be delivered to the purchaser the 1st of Sept.

Imported horse *Consol* has made a splendid season, and will remain at the Mills the season of 1837.

Persons applying by letter, will please direct to Huntsville.

Huntsville, July 19, 1836. E. H. BOARDMAN.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The New Series of the Spirit of the Times, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.